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THE VISIT OF THE COURT OF OUDE.

THERE is something in the accounts we hear of the doings of the Oude family in England, which is at once ludicrous and picturesque. Englishmen are famous for their insularity; but if they are slow at catching other people's point of view, they have an old-established taste for a show. You are apt to think they mean to sympathise, when they only want to stare. And was there ever a spectacle more likely to be stared at than that at Southampton the other day? A bit of Oriental life is suddenly transported into a country town; a mysterious old woman is escorted with secrecy and splendour, at the same time, to her hotel, surrounded by a grotesque and gaudy crowd of eunuchs, princes, barbers, moonshees, and other figures, which one associates with the "Arabian Nights." The obvious command of money has itself a charm for the British mind, as we all know; then, a person with a grievance has a chance of attention in a country where to expose grievances and grumble about them, makes up half the politics. But, after all, the associations are more comic than anything else. The romance of an appeal, by the Queen of an ancient eastern dynasty, to the Queen of an ancient northern one, vanishes when we reflect that this line of Oude was founded by a Persian adventurer in the last century; and the splendour of the upholstery will soon lose its power when it ceases to be novel. The visit will draw the public attention more vividly than has ever been done to general Indian questions; but that it will change the policy of which the annexation of Oude was a part,—that it will really do for the Oude family what they fancy,—we do not for a moment believe.

The English people do not take much interest in Indian questions, but if there is anything they really care about in the matter, it is the extension of English power. Given Hindostan as a field of action, where is that power to stop? How does the case of Oude differ from that of other kingdoms, which, in the course of time, we have absorbed by force?—for it is force that has settled the affair, no doubt, only that we believe it is one of those instances in which moral and physical force are identical. The philosophy of these matters is little known in England; and, from its unsettled state,

an act like the annexation of Oude provokes the most various and conflicting discussions.

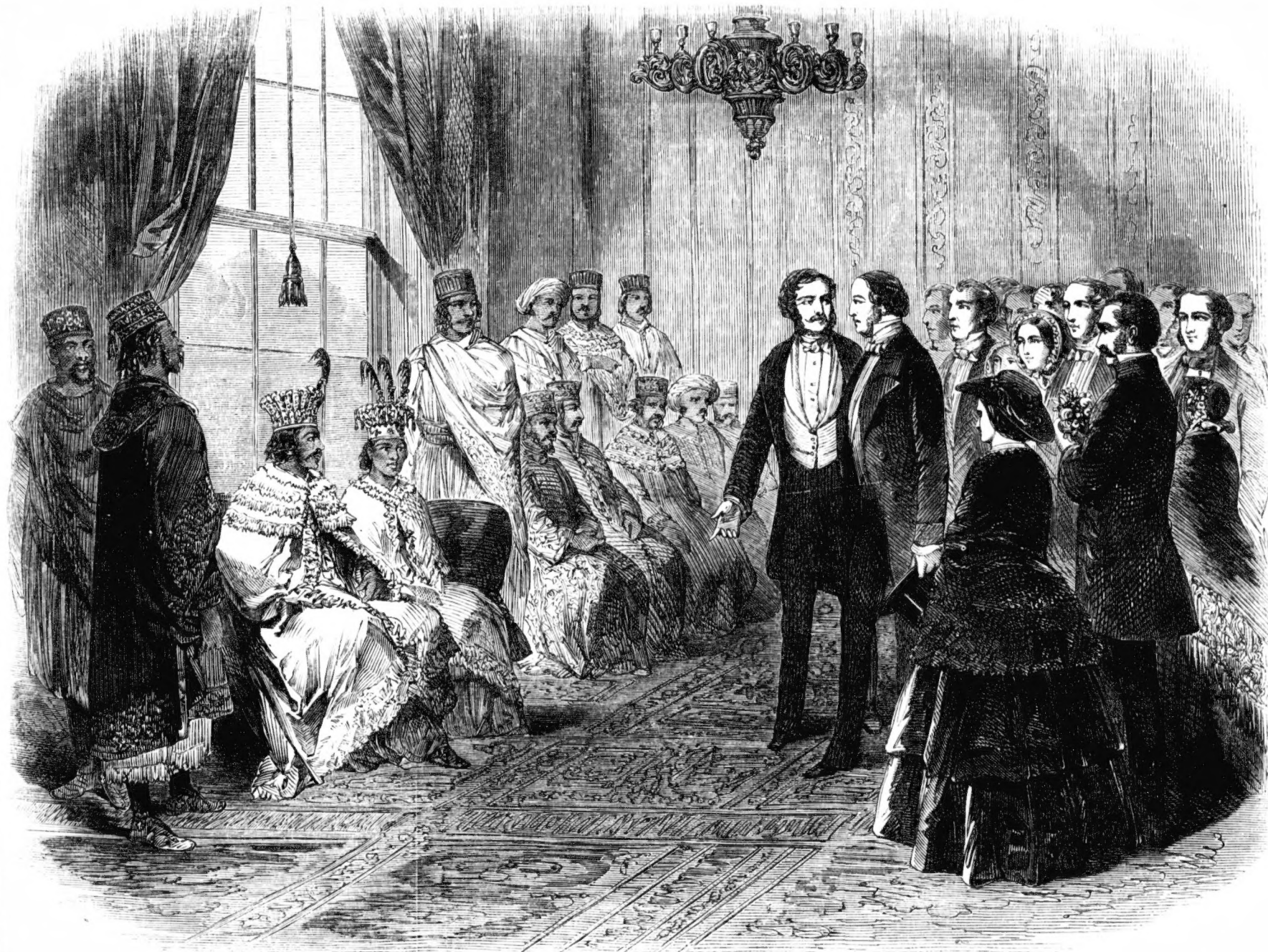
For example, one class of writers tells us incessantly that it is a case of mere conquest, and that Russia might with equal justice take the Principalities. But the pith of the difference is, that, by annexing Oude, we do not disturb the balance of Europe. A further extension of Russia would peril the interests of the most civilised parts of the world. Here is no analogy with the case of the Indian kingdom. Again, the punishment in the Oude case falls not on the people of Oude, but only on the royal family. The people change masters, but the new ones they get are not mere conquerors, but stand higher than the last masters in the scale of governing faculty. Oude had become an anomaly, and got into an artificial position. In a country governed by an English system it stood a kind of exceptional part—a parody on the old Oriental kingdoms in contiguity with the new British organisation. Now, if we maintain that the British organisation is good for India *per se*—or, even if we are determined to maintain it whether or no—how avoid its extending itself? It is a logical extension, in fact, flowing from a long series of events; it is as natural that we should abolish the Oude dynasty now, as that we should have made a treaty to maintain it before. Hence, the "East Indians" whom one meets, of all classes, are favourable to the change, from personal knowledge of the country; and hence the natives themselves seem to have acquiesced in the transition without discontent. This last fact is not wonderful to a reader of Heber's "Indian Journal." When the bishop was travelling in that part of India, he had a chat with a native, which may furnish a valuable paragraph:—

"He said, what I could easily believe from all which I saw, that the soil of Oude was 'one of the finest in the world; that everything flourished here which grew either in Bengal or Persia; that they had at once rice, sugar, cotton, and palm-trees, as well as wheat, maize, barley, beans, and oats; that the air was good, the water good, and the grass particularly nourishing to cattle;' but he said, 'The laws are not good, the judges are wicked, the zemindars are worse, the Aumeens worst of all, and the ryots are robbed of everything, and the king will neither see nor hear.'"

Bishop Heber wrote only some thirty and odd years ago; and if our countrymen are to be believed, things which were bad then must have become worse now. So that, however unpleasant it may be to the king, his eunuchs, his barber, and his buffoon, to be turned out of the quarters at Lucknow where they led so jolly (though we fear so improper) a life, we feel sure that the peasants working in the maize fields take the affair in a very different spirit.

Those who oppose our view of this transaction must show how the *status quo* could have permanently lasted. The family has proved itself unfit for governing the country of which it has held the nominal sovereignty. It has constantly got it into a state of anarchy, and been at war with its subjects on account of extortions in taxation. Nor is there anything so monstrously unprecedented in our deposing the monarch. Large cessions of territory have been made to us by the family before, and when it appeared necessary we took the Rohillas away from their yoke, who immediately began to improve in their condition in consequence. But apart from the regular precedents for political interference, and the degraded state of the monarchs personally, it must be remembered that Oude was the only region of the Gangetic plains not under English government. It was consequently a possible seat of danger to our power at any future time. And the princes were not native magnates of ancient standing, but mere modern foreign tyrants, who acquired their province by the sword on the break-up of the old system, and who are only now experiencing a natural vicissitude of fortune.

The reader sees that we regard the annexation of Oude as a political necessity, and as being in the main justifiable. It is another story whether in every detail the family has been well treated, and that question the country will discuss when the case is brought before it. Probably this is the good that the Queen's visit will produce to the deposed house. The English will draw a distinction between the political and private bearings of the case, and support the just rights of the individuals in matters of personal property and revenue. Meanwhile it will be well for the Queen's friends to conduct her claims with good sense and propriety, and we cannot fancy anything more likely to injure them than a repetition of such conduct as that of



LEAVE OF THE PRINCES OF OUDE AT THE YORK HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON.—(SEE PAGE 165.)

Major Bird while they were at Southampton. Good nature will induce people to look kindly on rank in misfortune but an irregular and indecorous kind of agitation will early attach the stain of ridicule to the cause. Above all, we caution their agents to be careful how they attempt to use corrupt influences in this country. The parade made of jewels and money, and invitations addressed to all the world to "communicate" (we allude to a "Times" advertisement) with the Queen's agents, are symptoms of a disagreeable kind, which, if acted on, will only expose the complainants to being plundered by the lowest and dullest rascals. The country lays claim to a regard for fair play: let these foreigners deserve it by keeping their establishments in good order, and pursuing their objects in a manner creditable to the nation in whose capital they have come to reside.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Emperor will make a rather long stay at Biarritz. Auditors from the Council of State are to go periodically to Biarritz by order of his Majesty, as they lately did to Plombières, to bring the portfolio of current affairs and submit them for his signature. The Emperor is in excellent health, and bathes in the sea every morning. The Prince Imperial is also in excellent health. He is every day carried out into the Park of Gramont, where he can breathe in the shade the invigorating sea breeze. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria and his young wife are, it is said, expected shortly at Biarritz. The Infanta Amalia is an old friend of the Emperor. It is said that she is very pretty and clever.

The French press continues mute on the subject of the accusations brought by Louis Blanc against the civil and military authorities of Cayenne.

Lists of the sentences passed by the Court of Assizes of the Department of the Seine during the months of March and April last have just been posted up in Paris. Among those sentenced to death figure the names of five individuals, named Régner, Brusin, Caron, Alavanc, and Poisson, all condemned "by default" for attempts against the life of the Emperor. This intelligence caused some consternation, or at least some surprise in the capital, till it was at length announced that these sentences applied to the affairs of the Hippodrome and the Opera Comique in 1853, and not to any more recent affair.

Proceedings were recently inaugurated against four journals which published a letter from the Paris students to those of Turin, on Italian affairs. The proceedings, however, were abandoned. The young men who signed the letter are to be admonished.

It is believed in Paris that the Cabinets of Great Britain and France are not strictly agreed on the Spanish question.

SPAIN.

THE political situation of Spain, which lately presented but a confused and formless outline, becomes daily more clearly defined. The path of reaction which leads to virtual absolutism is openly entered upon, and even if the present Government be resolved to follow it but up to a certain point, there they will find others waiting to relieve them of their burden and pursue it to the end. The suppression of the National Guard, while it has definitely cut off O'Donnell's last chance of support from the Progressists, has encouraged the Moderates to speak out plainly. Their organs in Madrid now openly threaten O'Donnell with dismissal if he dare to halt in the tyrannical course which he has begun.

The country, we learn from various (Ministerial) sources, is perfectly tranquil; but provisions are scarce and exorbitantly dear, and there is incandescence in the South. As to the real state of the country, and of the feeling of the nation, there are scanty means of knowing, for the press is no longer free. The Liberal papers have declared themselves unable to comment on the decree suppressing the National Guard, the authorities having forbidden the discussion of political questions. It is exactly the same state of things as under Sartorius. Attempts have even been made to silence the Madrid correspondents of foreign journals, and that having been found impossible, to throw discredit on the intelligence they supply. With respect to the finances, there are already symptoms of embarrassment. Just before Espartero's Government fell there were 100,000,000 reals in the Treasury. The O'Donnell Ministry has just agreed to pay a bonus of £15,000 to the Spanish Bank to hold 60,000,000 reals at their disposal for six months. If the money be used, or any part of it, 5½ per cent. interest is to be paid in addition. These are early days for a Government which found the exchequer so flourishing to contemplate the probable necessity of advances.

The marriage of Prince Adalbert and the Infanta Amalia, on the 25th ult., was followed by a splendid banquet, to which more than one hundred distinguished personages were invited. Three of the sisters of the Princess were not invited to the wedding—namely, Donna Josefa, who is married to M. Jose Guel y Rente, a rich merchant of Havannah; Donna Isabella, wife of Count Gurovski, a Polish emigrant; and the Duchess de Sessa, whose husband is a Grandee of Spain. They were excluded from the ceremony because the Royal family considered their marriages beneath the dignity of the Princesses, although, it is added, "in every other respect extremely honourable." The Infanta Amalia is the first princess of this house who has contracted a royal alliance. The marriage contract sets forth that the fortune the Princess brings her Royal husband is 7,000,000 reals (1,750,000£), and that he is to allow her pin money to the extent of 44,000 florins a year.

AUSTRIA.

THE manifesto of King Bomba has evidently given great satisfaction to Austria. The Austrian journalists are particularly delighted with what vulgar little boys would call the "cheekiness" of the vulgar little King of Naples towards England. They (the journalists) make much of Bomba's allusion to an empire, and insinuate compare the Ireland of 1856 with the Hungary of 1856; the Lombardy of 1856 with the India of 1856.

We get a rather amusing piece of intelligence, dated Vienna, which says, "The Emperor of Austria has offered pardon to the Austrians who enlisted without permission in the Anglo-Italian Legion. Four hundred of these men are about to take advantage of this measure and return to their country." The "pardon" can surely not be any very great favour, considering Austria was our "ally" in the war with Russia (?)

Austria is turning her attention to fortifications after the Cronstadt principle. While of late she was amusing the belligerent Powers with her eternal protocols and sham proposals for peace, she was secretly and zealously erecting a formidable fortress and an immense naval and military arsenal, to command the Adriatic sea. With the exception of Gibraltar, there is not a more impregnable fortress in Europe that Pola—not only from its commanding position, but from the art and science with which it has been constructed. Austria, during the last three years, has spent more than eighteen millions of francs, and, besides the impregnable fortresses at Pola, has constructed three docks, where she is now building and equipping men-of-war. Pola, from its position, commands not only the entrance into the Gulf of Venice, but also that large bay in which Venice is placed. The water to the very shores is so deep that vessels of large burden can approach in safety, and the bay is sheltered from every wind that blows, and so extensive as to harbour an immense fleet. All the neighbouring hills are crowned with immense batteries, having guns of the heaviest calibre; and the numerous islets are turned into forts. To the new fortress all the military and naval stores of the arsenal have been transferred.

PRUSSIA.

WE are assured that the King of Prussia lately wrote a confidential letter to the King of Naples, in which he prayed him not to run the risk of renewing the war, by persisting in a policy which may excite insurrections and cause the intervention of the Western Powers. It is said that the King did this because it appears that the King of Naples

imagines that Russia and Prussia approve of his political system, and will support him if necessary. It is said that the King of Naples has not returned any reply to his Majesty's letter.

According to a letter from Berlin, it is the "Nord," the erection of fortifications around Berlin is confirmed. There is no intention, it is said, to surround the Prussian capital, like Paris, with a complete line of fortification, but to construct redoubts at such distances from each other round the city, that they will be enabled to cover each other with their fire. Other accounts say that it is the hill which stands in the neighbourhood of Spandau that is to be fortified. It is at Spandau that the principal military arsenals and depôts are situated, as well as the manufacturing of arms and ammunition.

We are told that, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Louise, which is to take place this month, an amnesty will be granted to all political offenders who are now in confinement. We have lately heard too much of these amnesties—and too plainly beheld that they end in nothing.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN news just now is little else than an account of the preparations for the coronation, the rivalries of the ambassadors in matters of expense, the great pains taken by this one to please, and the *nonchalance* of another about the whole affair. All this will be found at length in another column. The only other news of importance is that the Russian Government wishes to submit the question of Serpents' Island occupation to the interpretation of the Great Powers.

SWEDEN.

THE Swedish Chambers have admitted the desirability of fortifying Stockholm upon a new plan, and of constructing a series of defensive works in the valley of Mælar, on the banks of the river of that name, which communicates with the Baltic Sea. They have further voted a sum of money for the necessary preliminary surveys.

Cholera has broken out at Stockholm. The medical men of that capital, who in general believe in the contagious nature of that scourge, are of opinion that the disease was brought from Lubeck by a steamer which had recently arrived from that place, where the cholera prevailed, and which had some persons on board affected by it.

ITALY.

IN Tuscany the subscription for the 100 guns intended for the new fortifications of Alessandria is proceeding with extraordinary rapidity. The lists are being publicly circulated notwithstanding the efforts of the police. But the Mazzini party has commenced a dangerous rivalry: the "Italia e Popolo" of Genoa, an organ of Mazzini, opens another national subscription for the purchase of ten thousand muskets destined "to reward and to support the efforts of the first Italian province which rises against the common enemy."

The arrival of Baron Hubner at Naples has been incorrectly announced. At the time of the announcement he was enjoying sea-bathing at Venice, and had the intention of starting on the 24th for Dalmatia and Southern Italy.

Much has been said on the authenticity of the analysis recently published of the reply of the King of Naples. If we may believe the information which has just reached us, the version (originally given in the "Cologne Gazette") has rather softened than aggravated its language.

A letter from Naples states that a Muratist proclamation is being spread all over the country with great secrecy and activity.

The retirement of the French troops from Rome, and the Austrians from the Legations, is confidently spoken of in some Italian papers. In this case the duties of the French will be limited to garrisoning Civita Vecchia. Their place at Rome is to be supplied by Swiss troops, which are being constantly enrolled.

The Austrian army in Italy is being diminished on the Swiss frontier and increased on the Piedmontese.

The "Massacre" of Modena publishes a sentence pronounced by the military commission of Massa on eleven persons charged with belonging to a secret society. They are all acquitted on that count, but two of them, one of whom is the curate of Mirto, are to be delivered up to the ordinary tribunals for having been found in possession of arms and ammunition.

According to popular belief the Eternal City is to boast of the presence of four royal personages this winter, to wit, the Empress-Dowager of All the Russias, Queen Christina of Spain, his Apostolic Majesty the Head of the Church, and finally the Queen of Prussia.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Porte was preparing an expedition against Montenegro.

The journals of Constantinople confirm the intelligence we have already given of the demolition of the fortress and the five barracks of Ismail. Thirteen Russian battalions were engaged in the work of destruction. The Fort of Kilia has also been blown up by the Russians.

Lord Lyons will not quit the Bosphorus till after the complete evacuation of all Turkish territory at present occupied by Russia.

Sir Houston Stewart has gone towards Anapa, and continues to cruise about in the Black Sea.

The Russian Commission for settling the Asiatic boundary has arrived at Tiflis.

The campaign projected by the Russians against the Circassians is indefinitely adjourned.

Ferooth-Khan, the Persian Ambassador at Paris, is to proceed to London to terminate the Anglo-Persian dispute, by offering full satisfaction to England on condition that the British Government will recall Mr. Murray.

AMERICA.

THE intelligence from the United States is of high interest. The Senate and House of Representatives at Washington were openly at issue during the last few hours of the session on a point arising out of the slavery question, and the Members have dispersed, leaving some of the most important supplies unvoted. The House of Representatives refused to pass the Annual Appropriation Bill for the army, unless the Senate would consent to graft upon it a proviso that no part of the money should be applied to the enforcement of the laws enacted by the legislature of Kansas. This resolution caused the loss of the entire bill, and Congress closed its session without making any provision for the support of the army.

Two members of the House of Representatives—M'Mullen, of Virginia, and Granger, of New York—indulged in a fist fight at Washington. It appears the members were riding together in an omnibus, when a political dispute arose. M'Mullen seized Granger around the neck, and struck him one or two blows, starting the blood under the eye and ear. A committee of the House had been appointed to investigate the subject and report the facts.

A most disastrous storm has devastated the South. On Las Island alone one hundred and ninety dead bodies have been recovered, and it is now estimated that the loss of life will not fall short of two hundred and fifty people. Considerable damage has also been occasioned at New Orleans, especially to the shipping at the wharves. Reports from the county state that there has been a most terrible destruction of property, to the value, it has been estimated, of five hundred thousand dollars.

The position of Walker in Nicaragua is thus described by the "Panama Star":—"Walker's position is a most precarious one. He has only 1,200 followers—all told—while Rivas, who still contends that he is President, is fortifying himself at Canadagua, and has already 3,000 well-armed troops. He has the sympathy of the entire country, except the few Americans who still adhere to Walker, and his countrymen are daily rushing to his standard. Honduras and Guatemala are organising forces to invade Nicaragua and drive Walker from the country; and it is understood that as soon as the dry season resumes—now near at hand—they will make a descent on Nicaragua."

Kansas is still in a very troubled state. Two hundred Fr e-soilers had attacked the town of Franklin, in Kansas, and after four hours' fighting had retired, carrying off the cannon belonging to the town. The United States troops occupied the town next day. The Free-soilers are stated to have made the important discovery of an organised plan on the part of the pro-slavery men to concentrate men, arms, and ammunition at different points of the territory, for the purpose of making a sudden and general

attack immediately after the adjournment of Congress, and expelling all the free State soldiers. It is stated that twelve or fifteen block houses have been erected at different pro-slavery points, well supplied with cannon, rifles, and ammunition, and garrisoned principally by Missourians. The attack was made on the 1st, at Franklin by the Free State men for the purpose of securing the arms deposited there, and they seem to have effected their object. Earlier disturbances were anticipated.

INDIA AND CHINA.

THE most exciting news from India refers to the murder of Mr. Horley, an English merchant of the Madras Presidency, and the assassination of a second son of the same family. Mr. Horley was attacked in his house, at night, by three men, and killed with a single blow. The unhappy man's servant was aroused by a cry from his master, and saw the men run from the house. The only article of property abstracted was a box containing papers, but no money.

The other affair has much of romance about it. When, two or three years since, a father of the present King of Burmah, Phawaddy, took possession of the throne, he ordered his then heir apparent and all his children to be put to death; but a servant escaped with the youngest, and concealed him for some years. The young prince subsequently managed to escape to Moulmein, and thence came round to Rangoon, living in a very quiet way, and recently took up his residence with one of the principal writers in the Customs department there. On Friday, the 27th, between two and three in the morning, a band of villains proceeded to the house, pounced upon him while asleep, dragged him off his bed, and with a single blow nearly severed his head from his body. The writer, hearing a noise, came out of his room, and was at once cut down, stabbed to the heart, and dreadfully mangled. A third man, in another house, who came to his door, and called out, "Who's there?" received a slash which took away part of his cheek. The ruffians came with blazing torches, and said to each other on reaching the house, "Look well before you cut;" and when the two victims were dead, remarked, "Our work is now done, let us be off, and let the bodies lie there till they stink." They did not carry away the value of a pin, which shows plunder was not their object. The bodies were publicly buried the next day, and one of the largest processions that has ever been seen in Rangoon, followed them to the grave. Thousands upon thousands of both sexes collected on the sad occasion. At the time this person's appearance in Rangoon was noticed by the papers, it was also remarked that had he turned up sooner, being the heir apparent to the throne, our government might have made something of him. These papers found their way to the capital, and it is known created a good deal of excitement among those in power there, and there can be little question that this foul deed was concerted.

With the exception of some petty disturbances at Peshawar, the frontiers of our Indian empire are tranquil. The Governor-General, Lord Canning, has been suffering from sickness, and was about to take a sea voyage as far as the Straits Settlements, for the benefit of change of air.

The ex-King of Oule is still in Calcutta. It is reported that he intends to return to his former capital; but, at all events, there is no doubt that he will await in India the result of his mother and brother's visit on his behalf to Europe.

From China we hear of the existence of much anarchy—repeated defeats of the Imperialist fleets and armies; and it is not unlikely that with the next mail we shall have to tell of panics at Shanghai and Canton again. But it is pleasant to hear that the supply of tea is not likely to fall off.

SOLUTION OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE Central American difficulty is confidently stated to have received a satisfactory solution in a convention and treaty said to have been concluded between Honduras and Great Britain. The leading features of the arrangement are understood to be a guarantee of the neutrality of the territory to be traversed by the proposed inter-oceanic railway, and the freedom of its terminal ports, against any coast of Rumania and the other two small islands, in recognition of the equitable claim of the main State upon these dependencies. If the information be correct, the large question, which so recently looked ugly and serious enough, has thus been simply and quietly disposed of, without the ostensible intervention of America.

A TRAVELLING PALACE.—The new railway train built by the Orleans Company for the Emperor is composed of five carriages. No 1 forms a dining-room and saloon for the aides-de-camp, with kitchen and dressing-room. No 2 forms a kind of terrace, and is all made of wrought iron polished, and of beautiful workmanship. No 3, which is the state carriage or reception saloon, is surmounted by the Imperial crown; it is composed of an antechamber, with folding sideboards for refreshments. No 4 is the bed-room; it has been very ingeniously divided. It comprises a bed-room for the ladies of honour, bed-room for the Emperor and Empress, with a cradle for the Prince Imperial, dressing-rooms, &c. No 5 is a waiting-room for the servants, place for luggage, and also has a cupboard containing every kind of tool that could be required in case of an accident. All these carriages are decorated and furnished with the greatest elegance.

EXPORT OF COIN FROM FRANCE.—A Paris journal states that a large business is at present carried on in the export of five-franc pieces, which are now saleable at a premium of three to ten centimes each. A bag of 1,000 francs of the present Emperor is worth 1,005 francs; a ditto of Charles X., 1,010 francs; a ditto of Napoleon I. or Louis XVIII., 1,020 francs. These find their way to London, and it is believed that the greater portion of the silver shipped for India by the P&N consisted of five-franc pieces. This circumstance will account in some measure for the transmission of gold from England to France.

A MANIAC.—"Galignani" says:—"The inhabitants of a part of the Faubourg Saint-Martin were the other day alarmed by hearing loud cries proceeding from a room, a window of which was pushed open so violently that several of the panes of glass were broken. Some police agents immediately went up, and on breaking open the door saw a man armed with a large sledge hammer, with which he was preparing to murder his wife and children. He had already aimed one blow at the woman, which she had avoided, and which, falling on the table where their meal was prepared, had shattered everything to pieces. The police officers with great difficulty succeeded in disarming and securing the man. It appears that he had some time since been confined in a madhouse, but had been discharged some months ago as cured, and returned to his family. Since that period he has shown no symptoms of a return of his malady until the present attack. He was taken to the Prefecture, whence he will be removed to a lunatic asylum."

ASCENT OF THE NILE.—The Pacha of Egypt has ordered a new expedition to be organised to ascend the Nile, under M. le Comte d'Escayrac de Lauture, an experienced African traveller, and the author of a recent work on Sudan, and of other treatises on African geography. The expedition will be accompanied by twelve Europeans, eight of whom have already been engaged, including three Frenchmen and three Austrians, and the chief is desirous of procuring the assistance of English officers accustomed to astronomical and meteorological observations and the management of boats. The court has just left London, having been in communication with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society on the subject of the expedition, which is intended to start from Cairo in October. This expedition is undertaken entirely at the cost of the Vice King of Egypt, and the members are to receive, in addition to their rations, the payment of £10 to £14 per month during the time employed upon it, which is computed at two years. The members are expected to start for Marseilles on the 15th of September.

A STRANGE STORY.—The following, as will be observed, is from an American source.—During a thunderstorm in the town of Berne, says the "Albany Knickerbocker," the electric fluid struck an apple tree, against which a young man named Lawrence was leaning. It split the tree from top to bottom, making a gap sufficiently large to let Mr. L. slip in about a foot, immediately after which it sprang to, and held him as tight as if he had been in a steel trap. Before he could be extricated, resort to axes and crossbars became necessary. This is probably one of the tightest places that Mr. L. ever got into.

AN EARTHQUAKE.—A shock of earthquake was felt on the 21st at Mahon, in the Balearic Islands. The sea at the same time rose in an extraordinary manner, and produced a "bore," which caused considerable damage in the port. On the following day a second but less violent shock was felt, the oscillation appearing to be from east to west.

A GENTLEMENLY BRIGAND.—According to the Madrid papers, the Spanish Fr Diavolo and Carlist chief, Hierre, is behaving in a manner which must put all theatrical brigands to the blush. He stopped a diligence near Puncorbo, the other day, but instead of easing the passengers of their cash, he merely took two horses in exchange for his own, and invited his señores viajeros to a sumptuous breakfast, for which he refused to accept any payment. This absurd story is gravely related in a political letter from Madrid.

THE GREAT SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION in the military circles of Berlin is a new kind of small field-piece, capable of carrying correctly 1,000 yards, and which is mounted on wheels, and so light that it can be drawn and manoeuvred by a single man.

IRELAND

But severe enactments won't work themselves, and the public is far too impatient to be the guardian of its own stomach. Mr. Smith may doubt the wisdom and Mr. Jones may lose all relish for his meat, but neither of them will be at the pains and cost to consult, first, an analytical chemist, in order to prove the suspected offence, and then to fee a lawyer to conduct a prosecution against the baker or the butcher. The real remedy is obvious. The law must, of course, be extended so as to reach all consumable mixtures, whether deleterious or not. We cannot go on eating objectionable meals until doctors have settled the precise influence of every unwholesome ingredient upon our bodily health. When the law is enacted, it must be enforced; and the only way to secure this will be to employ a body of detectives, like those employed by the Excise for fiscal purposes, to catch out offenders and bring them to punishment. As for the amount of its penalty, that is quite immaterial. A sizzling hot would be enough in any case, if every conviction were duly published among the baker's trade connection. Handbills in bold type proclaiming the fact of a "Baked Chizzle, Esq., was found guilty of riding in a first-class carriage with a third-class ticket, are found to answer their purpose admirably, and few bakers would like to go their rounds with similar notices of their offenders staring them in the face. If such a mode of prosecution were thought beneath the dignity of a Government Board, any other system which would secure equal publicity would do as well. The "Lancet" Commission did some good, but its proclamations wanted the sanction of a judicial sentence. Give us active official prosecutors, and publish the names of their victims, and there is yet hope for our butchers and breakfasts. — *Saturday Review*.

FOUR PERSONS KILLED.

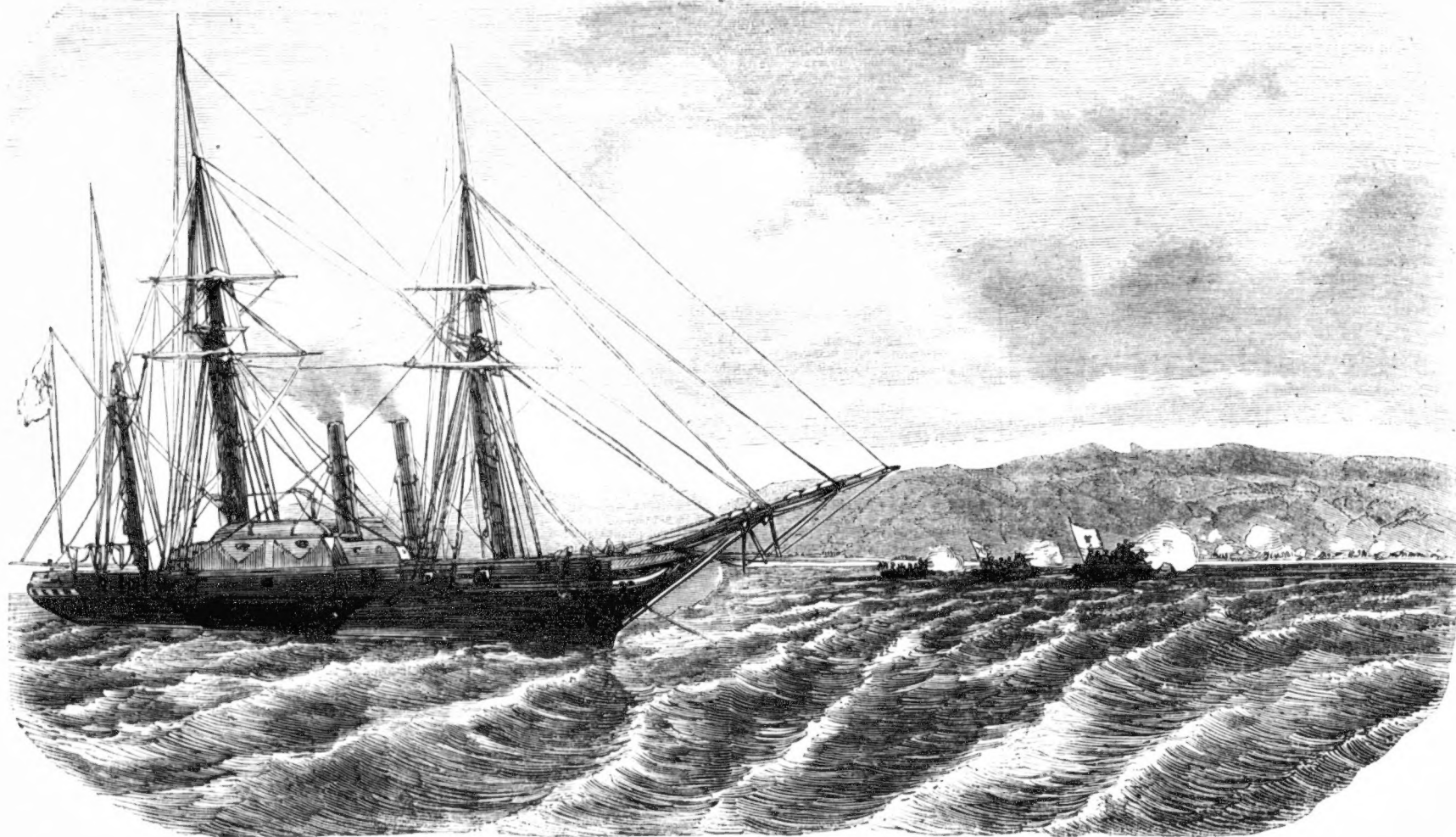
At about 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, a house at Table Street, No. 12, occupied by very poor persons, fell down with a tremendous crash, burying 20 inmates, thirteen in number, in the ruins. A number of workpeople, and a fire engine, immediately commenced removing the debris (a lot of no little quantity), when four dead bodies were discovered, and nine persons, who were severely injured, were taken to the hospital. Immediately upon the news of the catastrophe reaching the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor repaired to the spot with ready advice and help. In the course of the morning several members of the Court of Common Council, representing the ward in which the fallen house stood, met and commenced a subscription for the benefit of the sufferers.

LORD CARLISLE at LEEDS.—On Saturday, Leeds was full of commotion and excitement, caused by the presentation of a magnificent sword by the inhabitants of the West Riding to the Earl of Carlisle, in commemoration of his services in the Crimea and the Dobruzscha. The banquet took place at the Stock Exchange; the chair being occupied by Mr. Edmund Denison, M.P. After the usual introductory toasts, the address to the Earl of Carlisle was read, and delivered upon by the chairman. The Earl of Carlisle then responded, particularly denouncing his conduct in the celebrated Balaklava charge.

THE ROYAL MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The mouldering condition of the Royal monuments in Westminster Abbey had for some time engaged the attention of archaeologists, and Mr. Scott, an architect to the Abbey, at length suggested a certain degree of partial restoration. The different antiquarian societies strongly objecting to this, Mr. Scott hit upon the following process.—A very weak resinous solution in spirits of wine was injected upon the decayed surface by means of a gardener's syringe, the end of which is perforated with numerous fine holes. The small streams from these minute orifices had not strength sufficient to remove the loose scales which hung upon the surface, and which were so tender that the slightest touch of the finger or a brush would cause them to drop. The solution was made in the first instance exceedingly weak, so as to sink even into the Purbeck marble as far as the decay has penetrated. The operation was repeated at intervals of a day or two, till the pores were perfectly saturated: and the solution is none the less stronger as the work proceeds. The number of coats or applications varies from four to six. As a portion of pure spirits is used at the close to take off any gloss which may appear upon the surface; and finally, such parts as have sealed off to an extent that the solution will not secure them, are firmly re-attached by strong shell-cream, applied with a pencil. The process has been applied to all the monuments of Purbeck marble or freestone which surround the chapel of the Confessor, including also his shrine, and with every appearance of perfect success. The surface, instead of being loose and powdery, so that the slightest touch of the finger or the dust brought it off to dust, or finger fragments, is now hard and firm, while the venerable tone of colour—the peculiar charm of these monuments—is scarcely perceptibly altered.

THE RIFF PIRATES.

But the sovereignty of Morocco often steps in to rescue the captives in despair. From pure benevolence, let us believe, he constitutes himself as it were, the Imperial commissioner of all nations, friendly or enemy



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE BOATS OF THE PRUSSIAN STEAMER DANTZIC, AND THE RIFF PIRATES, OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

and by his influence redeems these captives at the price set upon their ransom, and sends them to their homes through the medium of the accredited consuls.

That the Riffs are subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, and their shores distant but 80 miles from his northern metropolis, Fez, needs no further remark. It is clear that the best means of reaching the Riffs is through this sovereign, though it is equally clear, from the fact that he pays for the crimes of his subjects, that he has very little real authority over them. Indeed, we are told as much explicitly by Mr. Dupuis, late British Vice-Consul in Tripoli and Tunis, who has made the British public acquainted

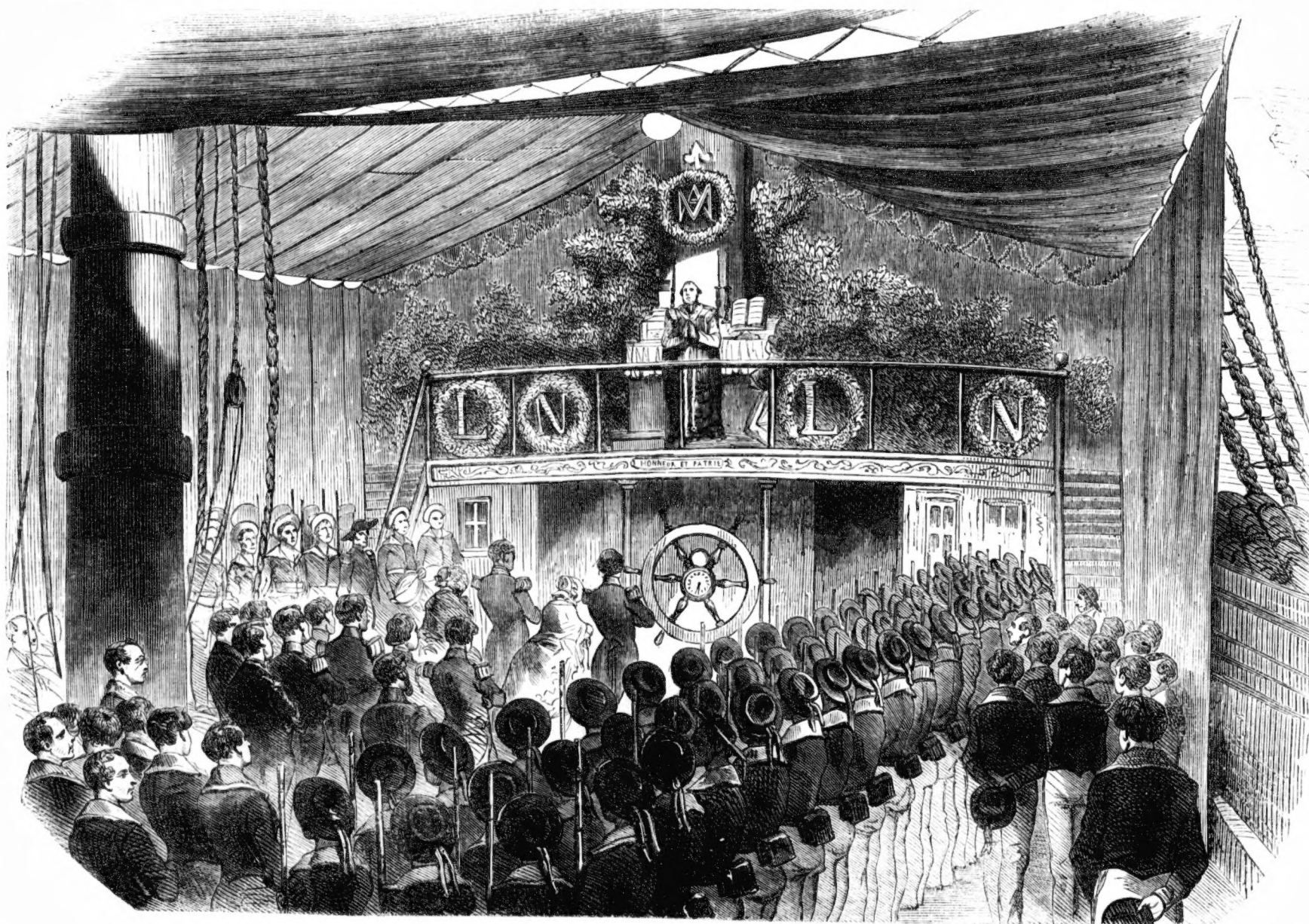
with the state of the case as above represented. So, we presume, the affair which began with such a mighty promise of powder is likely to end in a little weak protocolling. On the whole that is well, perhaps.

THE NAPOLEON FETES.

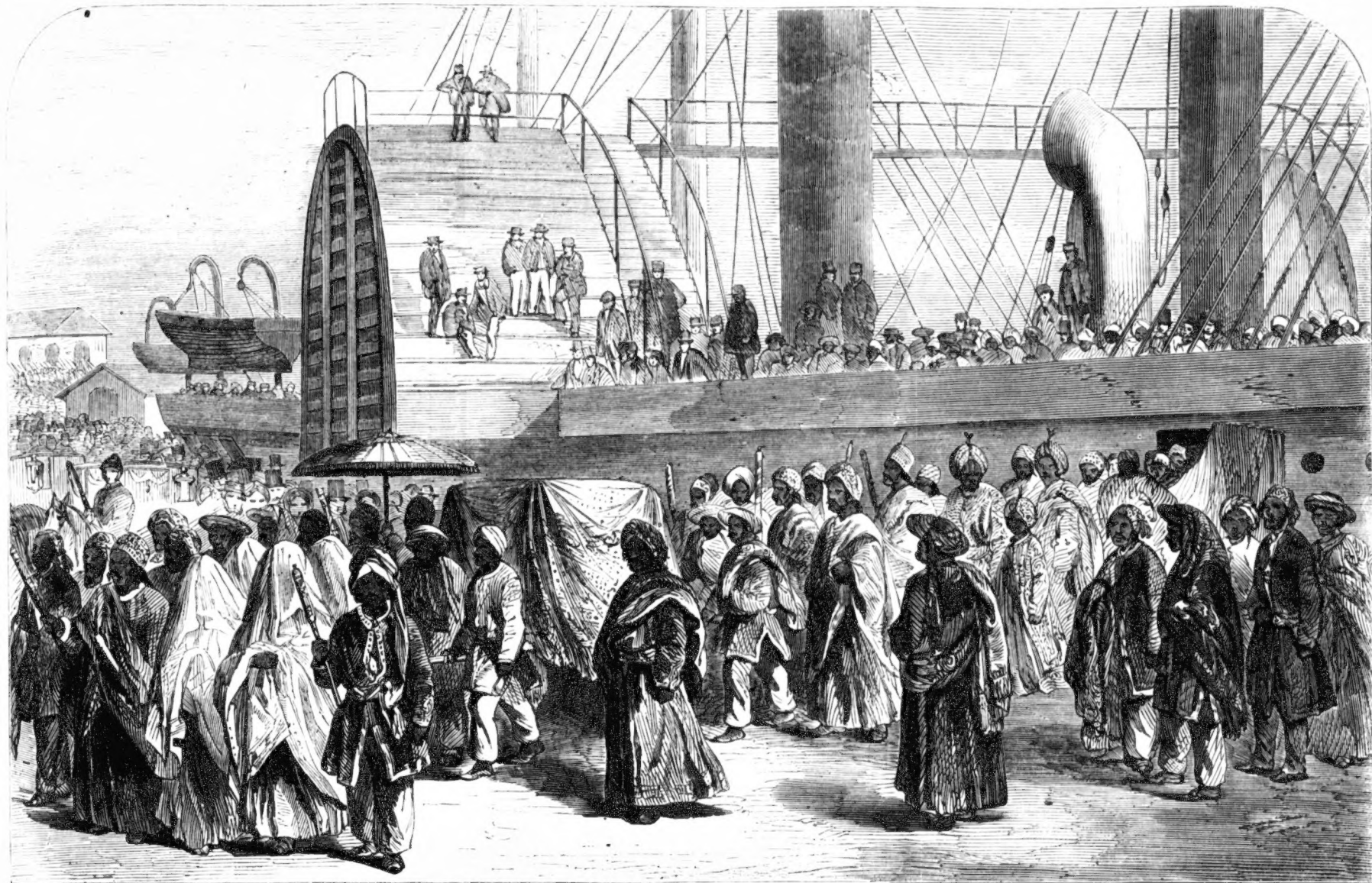
FRANCE is not maritime, but Bonapartes are—at least in aspiration. We remember what pains were taken to make Prince Jerome a sailor; and though the result was melancholy enough, we should be surprised if a Bonaparte sea-king did not flourish among the ambitious imaginings of

Napoleon III. At any rate he takes care to foster his navy; and to Napoleonise it so far, Prince Napoleon goes out on a maritime expedition. It is wise, undoubtedly, not to give the army the exclusive charge and protectorate of *l'Idée Napoléonienne*; the navy should be taught to revere that infallible idea also, and to believe in it; especially by no means should the gallie sea-dogs be overlooked when *fêtes* and feasting drown the Gallic mind.

The Napoleon *fêtes*, then, last past, were not confined alone to those who live at home at ease. The *fête* was a maritime *fête* also; and we show the manner of celebrating it on board a man-of-war.



CELEBRATION OF THE FETE DAY OF NAPOLEON III. ON BOARD A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR.



THE QUEEN OF OUDE AND SUITE LANDING FROM THE INDUS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF OUDE.

LAST week, we had to record the arrival and momentous landing of the Queen of Oude, to describe her Majesty's drawing room, and to chronicle her "movements" generally, so far as our own enlightened public care to be informed of them. It is now our lot, in humble imitation of the great Jenkins, to describe the Queen's departure for London, with some other particulars interesting to the curious mind.

The Royal family of Oude, then, left Southampton on Saturday—of course by special train. The Royal family and suite consisted of 110 persons, and their baggage and treasures consisted of 500 packages, filling (i.e., the baggage) four vans. The expense of the train was above £100, full fare being paid for each person and package. Holford House, Regent's Park, had been taken for the residence of the Queen, Princes, and as many of the suite as it will accommodate, at a rental of £550 a year; and while we are on the pounds, shillings, and pence question, we may mention the landlord was paid 100 guineas for the rent of the hotel at Southampton during the few days' stay of the party there.

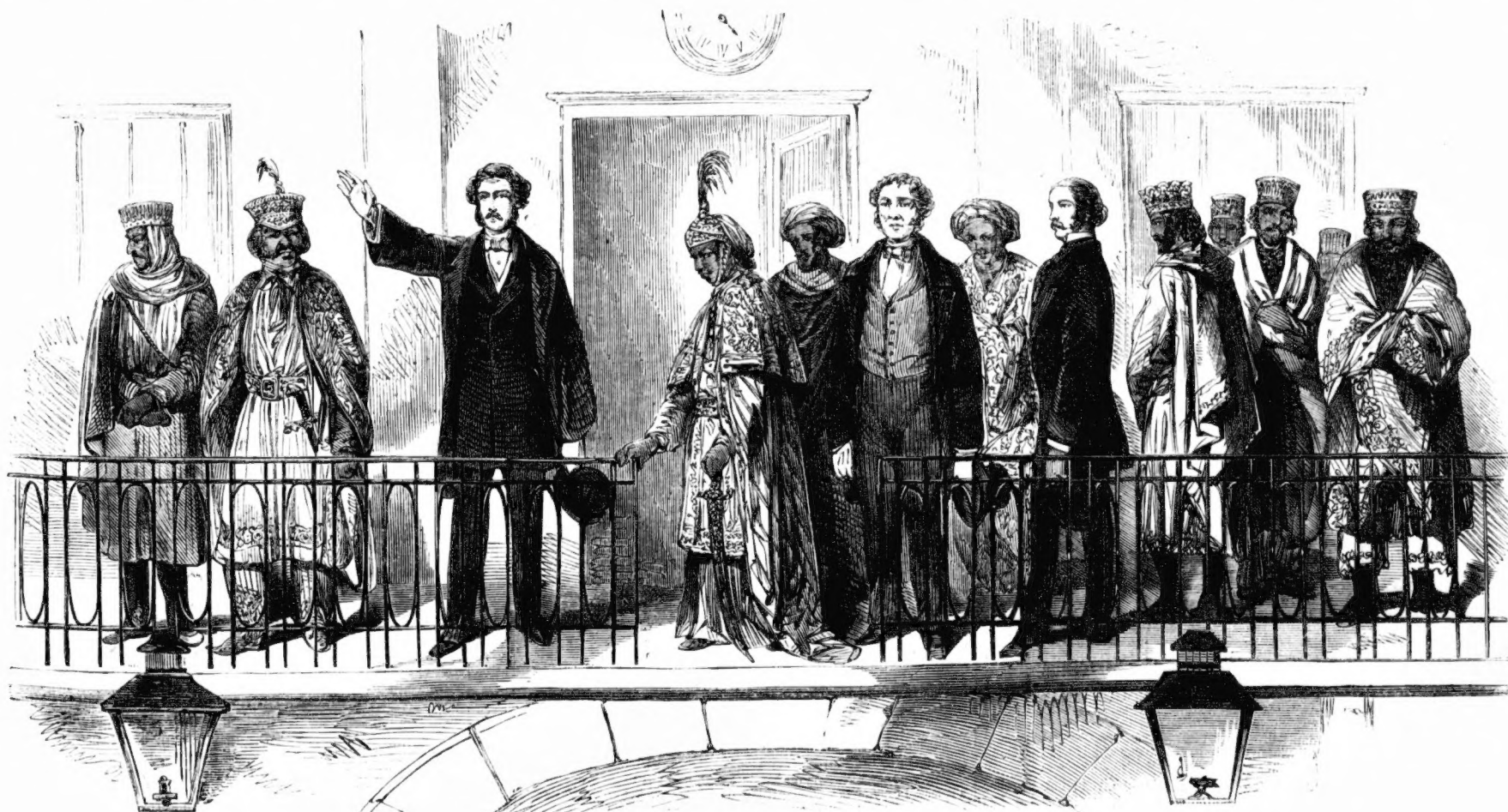
During the removal of the baggage, one of the workmen entered the Queen's apartment inadvertently. In a moment he was ejected by a eunuch. He had just time—lucky fellow!—to notice the Queen, who was dressed in white, and was seated among a number of native ladies.

At six o'clock, the Oude party commenced leaving the hotel. The hotel outer doors were closed, and no stranger was allowed inside. Native macebearers guarded the entrance outside. As soon as some of the suite were prepared to leave the doors were opened, and directly the party left closed and guarded again. The low-caste male servants left the hotel first, many of them walking to the terminus. About twenty cabs were hired to convey the Princes, their immediate attendants, the eunuchs, the ladies, and the female servants of the court there, and a carriage and pair to convey the Queen, her principal female attendant, and a eunuch.

About half-past seven the scene inside the terminus was rather amusing. A number of the "menials" had got into the third-class carriages, and were smoking and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Others of the same class were busy carrying and stowing away Hindoo bedding, mats,

carpets, and no end of curious culinary and washing utensils. Cabs were racing into the terminus every minute with the monshees and gentlemen of the court. The Hindostanee of the natives, the slang of the cabmen, and the noise of the crowd, formed a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Towards eight o'clock a rush was made to see the princesses and maids of honour. They were dressed in mummy-like fashion, and each cabful of them was duly marshalled by a eunuch. In the covering for the face was a hole by which they could see out, and which enabled them to walk from the cab to the railway carriages without stumbling. They were assisted into the carriages by the eunuchs, and when they were seated, the window blinds were drawn down. Before this was done, however, one of the ladies would occasionally take the covering off her face—for women will be women.

The two Princes were dressed very splendidly, and were escorted along the railway platform by a large party of native gentlemen, who had the greatest difficulty to keep off the crowd from pressing too closely upon them. The Queen was in the terminus for some time before it was decided



MAJOR BIRD PRESENTING THE OUDEAN PRINCES TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

long, she could be best put out of her carriage and conveyed to the railway carriage without being seen. It was at first intended to convey her in a palanquin, but this idea was abandoned. Long and earnest conversations took place between the eunuchs and other natives outside the carriage and her Majesty, evidently about the difficulty of preventing her from being seen. Her Majesty talked very volubly upon the matter; but she was unfortunately unable to reproduce her ideas. Great disputes, in Hindoostanee, took place also between Mr. Brandon, the interpreter, the eunuchs and other native servants, apparently about the same subject. Full half an hour was wasted in this way. At length it was determined to conceal her by holding up pieces of cloth, linen, or shawls, so as to form a screen of passage for her Majesty to walk through. Now there was a distance of twenty feet from the carriage wherein the Queen sat to the railway train, so the screens could not be got long enough, neither could they be had wide enough, nor were there a sufficient number of eunuchs to hold them up. If the screens touched the ground, people could look over them, and would be able to see the Queen's head, and if they did not touch the ground they could look under, and would be able to see the Queen's feet. At length, with the assistance of Mr. Watkins, the station master, who helped to hold up the screens, and of Mr. Brandon, an interpreter in the Queen's suite, who stood to a gap caused by the shortness of the screens, an imperfectly concealed passage was formed; and soon afterwards the door of the carriage opened. Every one's breath was now suspended. Brandon—got last man!—twisted round, so as to present his back to her Majesty, and that he might not be guilty of the profanation of looking at her; when, presently a stout figure, completely shrouded in a white dress, emerged from the carriage.

This was the Begum, or Queen Dowager of Oude. She was followed by a lady in similar attire. The curiosity of the spectators was now almost boundless, but the eunuchs, still holding up the screens, closed up behind her Majesty until she entered a darkened compartment of a railway carriage, the door of which was immediately closed. Her Majesty soon uncovered a portion of her face, and looked through the window of the carriage to the crowd on the platform; but no one outside could distinguish her features.

At half-past eight the train started for London. When the train arrived at the Waterloo station, the ladies of the suite stepped backwards out of the carriage of the railway, in order to prevent the railway officials and the crowds assembled from having the pleasure of seeing their faces, but it was remarked by many of the spectators, that however strong must be the objections to displaying the charms of an Oriental face, the same degree of anxiety by no means existed with respect to the lower extremities, so carefully concealed by the ladies' dresses in western countries. The Queen of Oude wore a silver gray silk train, and gold anklets.

The Queen and her advisers seem determined, if possible, to enlist the sympathies of the people of England in their cause, and unsparing efforts in this direction are being, and will be, made to effect this object. The East India Company has offered them a sum of fifteen lacs of rupees a year, or £150,000, as a compensation for the loss of their kingdom. With this they are dissatisfied, and are now engaged in preparing their case to lay before the Company, with a view to better terms, if not a restoration of their dynasty. Whether any amount of success will attend these endeavours is problematical; at present the interest excited is one of mere curiosity on the part of the multitude, to whom the whole thing is a sort of show, and who find an innocent pleasure in listening to the tales of the fabulous wealth and jewels belonging to the Royal party, which have been industriously circulated. Certainly the appearance of the Princesses and principal attendants is most superb, by reason of the elaborate and costly dresses with which they are attired; but the mass of the inferior servants present an appearance by no means satisfactory to a wholesome Englishman. Ranging on the basement floors of the hotel, large numbers of their servants might continually be seen lounging in the most careless manner, or smoking before a charcoal fire, or their cooking some article of food, or indulging in the fumes derived from a dirty opium pipe. The entire floor of this portion of the hotel was strewn with the clothing of the inhabitants, and in appearance much resembled the back premises of a rag-merchant in an extensive way of business, and (as usual) not particular as to the cleanliness of his merchandise.

Whether Major Bird was wise in introducing his Oudean party at this out-of-town period of the year, is perhaps questionable. His fitness to conduct a political mission of such immense importance for his efforts appears to us rather doubtful too, remembering the speech made before the people of Southampton before the Hotel assembled. That was a proceeding not at all likely to propitiate either the Government or the Legislature, who are likely to regard such an attempt to raise the populace with a little angry contempt rather than otherwise. Major Bird, standing on the balcony of the Hotel, spoke as follows on that occasion:—

"I am deputed by her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Oude, by his Royal Highness the King of Oude's brother, and by his Royal Highness the heir apparent, son of the King of Oude, to tender you their heart-felt thanks for the kind and warm manner in which you have welcomed them on their arrival in Great Britain—for your cheers, for your smiling faces. But, you all naturally ask, what is the cause of the advent of these royal personages?—why have they left their country and kingdom to visit Great Britain? And the inquiry is, under the circumstances, one the reply to which is likely to enlist your sympathies. You will pardon me while I picture to you an aged Queen (nearly sixty years old), brought up in all the pomp and luxury of the East, the sole of whose feet were scarcely allowed to tread the ground, laying aside the prejudices of travel, and undertaking a journey of some 10,000 miles, with the King's brother in one hand, and her grandson (the heir to the throne of Oude) in the other, and coming to the people of Great Britain a suppliant for justice. Yes, fellow-countrymen, the royal family of Oude has come to appeal against that act of the East India Company which has deprived them of their throne and country. They have left the country of their birth, to beg at the hands of the people of Great Britain a full and impartial inquiry into the causes which have led to the annexation of the Kingdom of Oude by the East India government. In short, I am sorry to say, which appears to have been partially adopted by the British government. It is not intended to conceal from you the difficulties incidental on a retrograde step. There is no attempt proposed to conceal anything, or to shrink from saying where wrong has existed; but I claim from you a free and full inquiry, and justice, based on the conduct of Oude through a series of years towards that very Government who have now taken the Kingdom of Oude from that royal race—how the Marquis of Dalhousie, in his proclamation, acknowledges to have been ever faithful and true to their friendship with the English nation. What was the conduct of Oude during the Cabul disaster, where thousands of our fellow-countrymen perished? What was her conduct during the war with the state of Gwalior? What position did she maintain during the wars with the Punjab—that critical period when victory was doubtful—when the Government securities fell to the lowest rate ever known—when inducements to turn against the East India Government were not wanting in the whispered proposals rife throughout India? At that very time the King of Oude denuded his cavalry of horses, and spared men from his own regiments, to fill up the ranks of the East India Company's army; and, not only so, after every great military undertaking the Government of Oude have contributed largely towards the expenses of the war carried on by their ally, the East India Government. These contributions were not by hundreds, nor by thousands, but by millions of pounds sterling. At this very time the East India Government are indebted to the amount of two and a half millions sterling, for the loans made by the King of Oude at various times; and this is the return—to deprive that royal family of their throne and kingdom. But, you will say, what is the plea? The excuse put forward for this act is the deliverance of the people of Oude from the oppression and misrule under which they had suffered. Fellow countrymen, let us suppose that the Emperor of the French, or some potentate more powerful than Great Britain, were to break existing treaties and deprive our most gracious Majesty of her throne, to save you from what that power considered misrule—methinks I hear you say 'we would rather right ourselves.' But, again, suppose your homes and hearths should be interfered with—suppose a more powerful neighbour was to deprive any of you of your homes and firesides, because you mismanaged your house—would you allow this? 'Cries of 'No.' Will you, whose fathers and brothers have shed their blood to save Turkey from the aggression of Russia—will you, who have poured forth the resources of this magnificent country to repel Russia from the annexation of two small provinces—will you permit the East India government to take from this royal family a Kingdom as large as Belgium, over which the uncle of our most gracious Queen presides? 'Cries of 'No, no.' Will you not grant a free inquiry into this act? It is through the people of Great Britain alone, borne on their shoulders, that the cry for justice will be admitted. To you this royal family appeal for sympathy and support; and, if you are willing to give it, show your willingness by joining me in 'Three Cheers for the Royal Family of Oude.'"

Three hearty rounds of cheering were accordingly given; but whether the Major's cause (on the justice of which we give no opinion here) was advanced by this harangue, remains doubtful.

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND

The Queen's journey north was marked, at various points of the road, with those demonstrations of loyalty which her Majesty's presence never fails to elicit, and which she has never failed to deserve. The Royal party arrived at Edinburgh on Thursday evening week, and proceeded immediately, in open carriages, to Holyrood.

On Friday, her Majesty drove round the town and Arthur's Seat; and, in the afternoon, to Craigmillar, Hawthornden, and Roslin. The weather was splendid.

Early on Saturday, the Royal party started for Balmoral, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the people of Edinburgh.

DEATH OF MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, long favourably known to the public as an author, and as a contributor to several literary works, and more recently as one of the best of our police magistrates.

Mr. A'Beckett was born in the year 1811; and, during the earlier part of his literary career, edited a comic paper, known as "Fanny in London," the forerunner, it seems, of "Punch," to which he has been a voluminous contributor. He is also understood to have, from time to time, written political articles of a humorous character for the "Times," "Morning Herald," and "Daily News." Mr. A'Beckett, besides other works, published the "Comic Blackstone," "Comic History of Rome," "Comic History of England," and a small volume ridiculing the absurdities of the modern English stage, under the title of "Quizology of the British Drama."

Mr. A'Beckett was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1841; but, though the son of an attorney in considerable practice, he does not appear to have been much encumbered with briefs.

Entrusted by Charles Buller with an inquiry into the Andover Union, Mr. A'Beckett framed so masterly a report, that he was at once recognised as a man of sense and judgment, with the power of explaining his views in language at once brilliant and vigorous. His Andover leaders in the "Times" are articles to which reference is still constantly made. The genius with which the Andover question was treated, gave Mr. A'Beckett strong claims upon the gratitude of the country, and secured for him the metropolitan magistracy, which he has held with honour and dignity during the last seven years.

Mr. A'Beckett left England about the middle of July for six weeks' recreation, and was to have resumed his duty at the Southwark Police Court on Monday morning. It appears that, after travelling the Continent with his family, on their arrival at Boulogne they were attacked with typhus fever. One of the children died on the night of the 27th ult., and Mr. A'Beckett was seized with the fever about the same time, and remained unconscious up to a few moments before his death, which occurred on Saturday.

OBITUARY.

ROSS, SIR JOHN, K. C. B.—At Gillingham Street, Piccadilly, on the morning of the 30th ult., died this gallant Arctic voyager, who entered the navy as far back as 1786, and during the late war was constantly engaged. His most important services were rendered in the Arctic regions, where in 1818 he proceeded along with Sir W. E. Parry. In the *Dryden* he also went, for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-east passage. The results of his investigations are detailed by Captain Ross in his "Voyage of Discovery," published in 1819. He was afterwards employed on an expedition to the Arctic regions, equipped at the expense of Sir Felix Booth, the late Lord of the Admiralty, and sailed on the 21st of September, 1829, in the *Enterprise*, under the command of Sir John Ross, in three different voyages, was three times wounded. In consideration of his services he was presented by the Patriotic Society with a sword valued at £100, and our services confirmed by him in the Baltic he was awarded a Knight Commander of the Swedish Order of the Sword. He was also a knight of several other foreign orders. Among other works, Sir John wrote, "Letters to Young Sea Officers," "Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Saumarez," and a "Treatise on Navigation by Steam." By his death a good service person lies at the disposal of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.—The remains of the Earl of Shrewsbury were interred in the Castle Chapel, Aston Towers, with great ceremony. The whole of the interior of the chapel was covered with black cloth, divided into panels by broad silver braiding. On the front of the pulpit, also covered with black cloth, was the escutcheon of the deceased, in a frame of silver. An arched shield, with two tabrets enpoint, surmounted by a coronet, in a silver frame, ornamented each of the panels in the chapel. From the choir was suspended a black drape, with scrolls twice crossed, on which was inscribed, "In hoc signo spes mea." The coffin was placed on a lofty pier within the chancel, and covered with a splendid pall of black and crimson velvet, deeply edged with gold fringe, with the arms of the earl, and dyed diagonally with the motto of "Frest d'accomplir," worked in letters of massive gold. The coronet of the deceased nobleman was placed on the coffin, resting on a crimson velvet cushion fringed with gold. On each side were three brass candelabra, containing numerous wax candles, and six immense wax candles in massive stands were placed on the screen immediately over the sanctuary, which was also illuminated. A chandelier, filled with waxlights, was suspended in the centre of the chapel, and when the whole were lighted up, daylight being carefully excluded, the effect produced was of the most solemn grandeur. The Rev. Dr. Winter, the Rev. M. O. Sullivan, deacon, and the Rev. J. P. Dowling, celebrants, chanted a solemn requiem, the responses being given in beautiful harmony by the choir. The pall was then removed, displaying the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with armorial devices richly worked in massive gold, and it was then deposited in the vault prepared for its reception on the south side of the altar. On the evening before the funeral of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, a paper was found amongst the documents of the deceased Earl, with the superscription in the handwriting of his Lordship, "To be opened at my death." The paper was dated the 6th of January in the present year, and was as follows:—"If I die at Rome, I wish to be buried in the Church of Jesus; if I die nearer to Rome than to England I wish to be buried in the Eternal City; but if not, I desire that my remains be brought back to England." He died at Lisbon, which is much nearer to England by water than to Rome, and to his native country his friends brought his remains.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR W. TEMPLE.—The remains of the Hon. Sir William Temple, K.C.B., the only brother of Viscount Palmerston, were taken from London to Romsey on Friday evening. On Saturday the 30th ult., the body was consigned to its last resting-place, under the west window of the Abbey Church, in a vault in which eight members of the noble family of Palmerston repose. Every precaution which modern sanitary science has made known was followed. The coffin, surrounded by powdered charcoal, was to be buried in, and a small tubular shaft projected from the vault, through the wall, to the outside. The funeral was private and unostentatious. Ten of the family and private friends only attended. Viscount Palmerston was chief mourner. The choir were shut, and a general sympathy felt and expressed for the Noble Premier in the loss he had sustained.

BUCKLAND'S BURIAL-PLACE.—The remains of Dr. Buckland were deposited, on Friday week, in a most characteristic resting-place, in the solid rock below Islip. The rock was blasted, and the body was interred in a cavity lined with Portland cement to keep out the water. Dr. Buckland has left by his will all the curious contents of his museum at Oxford to the University.

THE SHREWSBURY ESTATES.—Further inquiries have strengthened the first intelligence that the estates of the late Earl of Shrewsbury were partly divisible and partly inalienable. Haythorp, in Oxfordshire, and the other estates that belonged to the earldom at the period of the Revolution, come, we believe, under the operation of the act which was passed by the influence of the then Duke of Shrewsbury, and as the late Earl did not conform to the Established Church at the age of eighteen, or at any time before or since, his right to execute a disentailing deed will be contested by Earl Talbot, as soon as he establishes his claim to the earldom of Shrewsbury, in a committee of privileges in the House of Lords. As to the Aston Towers and the other estates which were added to the patrimonial domains since the reign of Queen Anne, we believe there is very little doubt as to the right of the late Earl to dispose of them by will, as he has done.

LOSS OF THE SHIP BEN AVON.—The Ben Avon, Captain Scott, sailed from London on the 10th of March, and arrived off Amoy on the 16th of June, when she was caught in a typhoon of unexampled violence, and was eventually totally wrecked on Hoe-Loe Point, a place about thirty miles northward of Amoy. The captain's wife, the owner's son, and several passengers were drowned; the survivors arrived at Amoy on the 24th of June, on board a junks. The cargo, which was valued at about £30,000, was nearly all washed on shore, and carried into the interior by the natives.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON has just sent, as a gift to the Emperor Alexander, a splendid copy of the work attributed to Thomas à Kempis, "De Imitatione Christi." This is a small circumstance, but it suggests some grave reflections when the first smile is over.

CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

MOSCOW.

WHEN St. Petersburg is, for the time, all but deserted, and when the Russian Court, with the regalia and those ladies who are said to have a high reputation for beauty without deserving it, and the ambassador extraordinary, and the representatives of foreign nations, are transferred to Moscow; and when Moscow is crowded to strangling, the servants of the hotels turned out of their beds (such as they are) to sleep on the wide sofas, and the ordinary population of about the third of a million swelled, including military, to more than a million, it is natural that the attention of Europe should be turned to the ancient capital of the Czars.

At any time Moscow, as regards external aspect and historical association, is decidedly one of the most remarkable of cities. What writer has given evidence to this effect? Madame de Staël calls Moscow "The Rome of the North;" and others describe it as second only to Constantinople among the capitals of Europe. Everywhere picturesque, Moscow seems to the visitor with wonder. When he is approaching from the north, the eye roams over the towers of convents and the keeps of donjons, the numerous gilded spires of chapels, towers and battlements of palaces composed of painted tiles, multitudes of copper cupolas glittering in the sun, sparkling chains and metallic roofs, oriental domes, and crosses, everywhere shining brightly in the sun.

Moscow began to spring up about the middle of the twelfth century, some three hundred years after the Northman-chiefs, Rurik, and his brothers had sailed into the Neva, to found what is now the Russian empire; and the town has since passed through such vicissitudes of war and devastation as render it most interesting in a historical point of view. Having been taken by Tamerlane, and subsequently burned by the Tartars, the city on the Moskwa continued the capital of the Muscovite empire, till Peter the Great resolved upon transferring his Court to the banks of the Neva, with its full stream and smiling face. The Czars made choice of a singular site. Between Finland and Ingria was a marshy island, which, during summer, was a heap of mud, and in winter a frozen pool. Growling bears and howling wolves had hitherto haunted the spot; but, resolute in his purpose, the Czar, bringing men from all parts of his dominions, cleared forests, erected mounds, and laid the foundations of St. Petersburg. Though inundations demolished his works, and fever carried off the workmen, the Czar persevered in his undertaking, and, in 1717, he removed the council thither from Moscow.

Nevertheless, Moscow, as a kind of political action, continued to exist, as well as St. Petersburg. Winchester, with all its glories, has never since the days of our second Henry, been to the English what Moscow is to the Russians. What Rome is to Papists, and Mecca to the Mussulim, Moscow is to the Muscovites. They regard it with national and religious enthusiasm, as the cradle of their empire and the metropolis of their church. In the Kremlin it is that the autocrat still assumes the crown, and, within the palace, everything is still kept in readiness for his reception, as if it were his ordinary residence.

Moscow has recently, in the eyes of foreigners, derived its chief historical interest from the sublime sacrifice, which, in 1812, the inhabitants made rather than submit to the victor of Austerlitz—the conqueror of continental Europe. After the battle of Borodino—that battle where cost so much blood—Napoleon entered Moscow; but the Governor had previously evacuated the place, at the head of 40,000 persons, and caused the city to be set on fire in 500 places. During the terrible conflagration that followed, no fewer than 12,840 houses were burned to the ground, besides palaces and churches; and the flames wreathed around the horse of Napoleon as he hurried through the narrow streets.

Before that memorable conflagration Moscow was described by our travellers as surpassing in splendour the finest of European capitals—its poverty, the poorest of European villages. One of them said it looked as if four hundred castles of the nobility had been transported thither, each carrying its attendant village of wooden cottages. Wretched hovels were blended with magnificent palaces; lowly cottages stood next to stately mansions; and some parts looked like a sequestered desert, thinly scattered with huts, pigsties, garages, dung-hills, brickwalls, churches, palaces, warehouses, and timber-yards.

After the fearful fire of 1812, Moscow was a sad and touching spectacle. Up to 1814 at least, the whole circular space of twenty-five miles was a conference looked bleak and dreary. Streets lying in ruins, discoloured columns, mutilated porches, broken cupolas, and walls of rugged stones—these were what the visitor saw of the old capital of Muscovy.

But years passed on; and the work of re-construction was undertaken with energy. From its ashes, Moscow arose much grander, more extensive, more regular than it had been; and while in some respects retaining the aspect of an ancient city, possessing all those advantages of which her cities can boast—arsenals, observatories, botanical gardens, and a university, with a hundred professors. Abandoned in some measure by its sovereigns, and no longer the seat of a court, Moscow takes kindly to commerce. Indeed, the talent for traffic lies deep in the Russian blood; and even children show a readiness in mercantile affairs, which in other countries is only exhibited by traders of long experience. Moscow, from its geographical situation, is the centre of the internal commerce of Russia; and of late years, the manufactures have increased so much that more than 20,000 of the inhabitants depend on this branch of industry. More than all this, Moscow has a tincture of freedom, stands at times upon her dignity, and even exercises the privilege of asking explanations from her despotic rulers, as London was in the habit of doing from the Norman Kings of England.

Most interesting among the historic edifices of Moscow is the Kremlin, which—having previously existed in a temporary form—was re-constructed in 1485 by two Italian architects, Marco and Pietro Antonio, who had for that purpose been invited to Moscow by the terrible Czar. The Kremlin became a town in itself, including, besides the palace, two objects of much interest, the magnificent churches of the Assumption and of St. Nicholas. The solidity of the ramparts exceeds that of the rocks on which they stand, and the massive walls, a chain of mountains, the lowest, with small windows and loopholes, tapering to the sky. Cautious it is, we think, who calls the Kremlin "a varied landscape in stone."

And from the Kremlin what a view! What a gay-looking city, with its gilded domes, its golden crosses, its cupolas bespangled with stars, its roofs gaily painted, its lofty spires, its palace-like buildings, its irregular streets, its pleasant gardens, and "the seven hills" on which Moscow is built rising from the banks of the Moskwa, all too narrow and scanty of water to flow past such a magnificent abode of men.

At the same time it should be remembered that Moscow, fair as it looks from the Kremlin, is not without inconveniences to a stranger. The dust of the streets is peculiarly troublesome to the eyes, being as small as the finest ashes, and mosquitoes buzz about in clouds. But then the scene is so gay and busy, that one forgets such minor evils. The inhabitants being almost as fond of ease as of tea, and too Asiatic to walk more than they can help, thousands of vehicles are constantly hurrying about in all directions. Here military men are lounging about with a pretty good idea of the importance of their profession; there monks are passing along in their long black gowns. About this place there is altogether an air of liberty which is not perceptible at St. Petersburg, and which the Czars are not supposed much to relish.

And now Moscow looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint, and lime, and varnish, have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets, and spires of Moscow, a splendour and refulgence which can only be appreciated by being seen.

Boyards are pouring into town in extraordinary-looking old equipages. But not only the Boyards come to pay their respects to their Czar. The streets are literally crowded with wild Cossacks, handsome Georgian pale Circassians, fierce Kirgizians, foppish Persians—all come to see the sight and pay the regulated homage to their sovereign lord.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION.

Kohl, in his work on "Russia," remarks, that what the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow. The abode of the ancient rulers of Muscovy has been replaced by the "New Kremlin," completed in 1850, containing several palaces, and adorned with the finest statuary and sculpture. Enter the Church of the Assump-

tion, as it stands ready for the coronation ceremonial, and what a scene of barbaric magnificence, historic reminiscence, and political suggestiveness is presented! Passing through a darkened vestibule, you are almost dazzled by a blaze of gold and colour. The walls are covered with frescoes and mosaics, in heavy gilt frames, and the great central pillars that support the cupolas are decorated in a similar manner. Although the church is small, the loftiness of the ceiling gives it a most imposing appearance; and the vague indistinctness with which the comparative gloom enables you to take in the details, produces in the mind a peculiar feeling of awe and reverence. Greek priests are chanting their vespers in one corner, carpenters are hammering away in another at the gorgeous estrade upon which the Emperor is to kneel, while the metropolitan anoints his head, and everything is resplendent with gold, and velvet, and ostrich feathers.

The preparations for the great event have engrossed all available labour. Scaffolding has been erected for spectators all the way from the Petrowski Palace into the town—the road by which the Emperor makes his entry. On the Chodynski fields also, where there are to be tables laid for the entertainment of several hundred thousand persons, immense scaffoldings and stands have been erected for spectators, who prefer to look from a distance on the motley throng that may be expected to take part in the diversions prepared for them there. All the church steeples are decorated or surrounded with framework for the illumination, innumerable triumphal arches are erected, and all the houses have been renovated, and have put the best face upon matters. In the environs the troops are encamped; and when the large surface covered with tents is looked down upon from an eminence, the country thereabouts seems as though covered with snow, with patches of black composed of the uncovered earth showing through. The price for a single window to see the coronation procession pass by is said to vary from 150 to 200 silver roubles.

BLESSING THE WATER AND APPLES.

The two important religious ceremonies, the blessing of the "water" and the "apples" used in the ceremony of the coronation, took place early in August.

The first was solemnised at Peterhoff, in the presence of the Emperor, on a small piece of ornamental water, consecrated for the purpose. The Greek prelates and priests walked in procession, dressed in their most gorgeous vestments, followed by the Imperial family, also walking, and when they came to the waterside the Cross was plunged in, the chorists singing a solemn chant as the officiating prelate performed the rite. The distance from St. Petersburg prevented the presence of many strangers. Some English faces were seen among the crowd. The second, "the blessing of the apples," a ceremony which forms an indispensable preliminary to the masication of that refreshing fruit, took place in every church throughout St. Petersburg, but with peculiar pomp in the Kazan Cathedral, by the metropolitan and fifteen officiating priests. The costumes were most gorgeous, and the archbishop, who was robed in the middle of the church, was one blaze of gold and jewels. The ceremonies, which seemed exceedingly complex, consisted of numerous genuflections and symbolic groupings on the part of the priests, who formed themselves into squares, triangles, and other figures, typified of the Trinity, the Tabernacle, and the various data of Eastern Christianity. The congregation, amongst whom there was no classification, and who stood the whole time of service, was of the most varied appearance and character. Russian princes, and generals covered with decorations, prayed side by side with the poor muzik, and both seemed equally impressed with the solemnity of the occasion; while the Russian countess, in the most fashionable Parisian toilette, did not feel her dignity ruffled by the vicinity of the poor Lavoulin or Finland woman, whose quaint national costume gave wonderful variety to the scene. In the churches here there are no carefully stuffed pews or separation of ranks—all pray together, and perform their genuflections, which are exceedingly numerous, in the same earnest and profoundly devout manner.

After the service came a sermon. The preacher, Synowski, is a man of great eloquence and talent, and, in consequence, of so much influence amongst the masses as to be almost a power in the State. He has, it is said, suffered persecution from his more conservative brethren for his advanced opinions; but, however that may be, he is now one of the most popular preachers in the capital. His text was, "The Lord is my strength and my shield," and his discourse, which he dexterously applied all through, not only to the text, but to the occasion, was, judging from the rapt attention and occasional emotion of the people, most eloquent. At the conclusion of the sermon the Metropolitan came forward and solemnly blessed the people, the apples, and finally himself, and a hymn of almost unearthly solemnity terminated the ceremonial.

THE CZAR AND THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

As a preliminary to the proceeding at Peterhoff, the Czar attended Divine service in the church attached to the palace, and exclusively devoted to the Court. The Czar Alexander is a slight, well-made man, above the middle size, but nothing approaching the Jove-like proportions of the late autocrat. His face is German, with a mild, almost saddened expression, but full of thoughtfulness and intelligence. His close application to business, which is well known, may affect his looks, and certainly he has by no means the appearance of robust health. He drove up to the palace in an open carriage without the slightest parade, and received into his own hand the petitions of a number of poor women who were permitted thus to approach the fountain-head of authority. There was not the slightest appearance of hauteur on his part, nor of undue servility on that of the petitioners, who simply curtsied in a business-like off-hand way, and retired most composedly.

The Empress is a tall, ladylike woman, but beyond that nothing remarkable. Her toilette was in excellent taste, very similar to that of the Empress Eugénie, whose figure is not unlike that of the Czarina. The young archdukes are all fine hearty little fellows, give the salute with true military precision, and look quite smart in their tiny uniforms, each being of course colonel of a regiment. The Czar himself wore the dress of the Gardes à Cheval, one of the plainest in the service. After church came the court, the presentations, and the decoration (the presentation of the Legion of Honour), and all the while the grand fountains played, and the people on the terrace could divide their attention between the glittering crowds that filled the windows of the palace, the grim gigantic Cossack footmen in full national costume, the splendidly-dressed negroes, the relics of more barbaric times and courts, and the murmuring cascades on the other side, through whose long vista of diamond spray they could see the Gulf of Finland, fit terminus to the perspective as seen from Peterhoff Palace.

One day last month, sacred among the Russians for visiting the graves of their departed kinsfolk and friends, which are all outside the town, and chiefly amid the shady groves of the Vassili-Ostroff, a long and beautiful island, all St. Petersburg went, with baskets of flowers to deck the graves, to Vassili-Ostroff, and stayed mourning and drinking above each sacred spot upon the silvan island. During the day, an Imperial yacht from Peterhoff moored at the landing-hut of the English quay, on the opposite bank. The Czar, with the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicholas, landed. A phaeton and two horses drove up to meet them—no troops, no escort, not even a footman, attended the modest equipage. A slight hesitation occurred—a scarcely perceptible awkwardness—ere the august party moved towards the vehicle. This pause was thus broken:—Constantine looked at his brother, and, slightly touching his hat, said, "Moshna?" that is, "May I get in?" The Czar made a gesture of assent, and Constantine entered first, taking his seat at the further or right side; Nicholas followed, and sat opposite. The Czar then mounted into the place left for him by Constantine, and the phaeton drove away. The whole thing passed in a moment. There was the greatest simplicity in the little arrangement, but evidently a rigorously respectful etiquette is observed towards the Czar by his brothers, one of whom, at least, has been so often alleged to be very independent and cavalier in this regard. Nicholas, the youngest brother, will be like the late Czar both in feature and stature. He is growing into a colossal figure.

The Empress-Mother, who has returned from her German tour, and resigned her intended Italian excursion, in order to be present at her son's coronation, disembarked, amidst salutes of artillery and the cheers of many

thousand pleasure-seekers and excursionists, at the beautiful garden pier of Peterhoff. The Dowager looks jaded; but she is health itself compared with what she appeared when leaving Russia after her great bereavement, and the dark going down of Nicholas's sun.

THE CORONATION CARRIAGES.

When the time for the Czar's journey drew near, the excitement visibly increased, and every train for Moscow carried immense consignments of carriages, furniture, horses and valuables. Some of the Imperial carriages, which had not been sent on, were displayed in the Zachery Oulitsa, and it is impossible to imagine anything much more gorgeous.

The carriages for the Czar, Czarina, and their immediate personal Court alone were to have been thirty-two in number, although it is now said that five of them will be finished too late for the appointed time. About two-thirds of them are new; the rest had only to be repaired, regilt, and new fashioned; yet the expense of the double order amounted to 275,000 silver roubles, or about £47,000 sterling—say £1,500 a piece. Nevertheless, the unsparring cost is really the least part of them, in the vulgar and ordinary sense, although it may be considered as not only having procured the matter, but the manner. A gentleman named Bannister, an Englishman, is maker of the carriages, though for all the Oriental embellishments a multitude of artists have been employed. The very wheels are a curiosity of workmanship. They are inlaid and enameled; and the spokes do not radiate straight from the centre, but, regular in a kind of fantastic irregularity, answer their own caprices in opposing curves, which compose a strange fantastic tracery, and produce the effect of a flamboyant window, all alive with lines, characters, and colours, which, as they flash over the ground, are shot into each other, and form a rich wool of ever-fleeting and ever-returning tints and gleams. The panels are not painted, but they are paintings, rather. Paintings of high excellence and value are let into the golden and jewelled walls, as it were, of a miniature boudoir—paintings inside, and paintings outside. All that does not tell a story to the eye, or trace a poem to the imagination, seems of solid gold. This material appears as the very groundwork, which makes room and gives place only that it may receive and frame some beautiful scene or striking group, whose value is of a different kind and of a higher order than that of the precious metals. The harness, housings, and trappings blaze with gold. The stud of blood horses which will draw these "golden carriages," as they are called, are worthy of the vehicles.

Perhaps, despite the magnificence and taste of the new equipages, one old carriage will excite more interest than all these. It is the same coach in which the Empress Elizabeth went to her coronation 115 years ago. It is restored to the state in which it bore into Moscow, in the year 1741, the Imperial daughter of Peter II.; and certainly a good deal of curiosity has been elicited by this old relic, which is now to carry the present Empress in the forthcoming procession.

THE LORD AND AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

The chief interest attached to the official programme of the coronation at Moscow, arises from the circumstance that every word of that curious document having been carefully weighed, and every ceremonial having a peculiar significance, it may be considered as a sort of manifesto respecting the relative positions of the Czar and his people. The sacred character of the monarch, and his absolute and uncontrolled power over and property in his subjects, are clearly indicated. He is the lord and autocrat of All the Russians. In the triumphal entry into Moscow, he is surrounded by a staff purely military, and it is a taking possession of the ancient capital of the empire. On his road the priests meet him with banners, or ss s, and holy water; and the whole population stands uncovered, as when some ultraholy relic passes in procession. The halt for the public adoration of the image of Our Lady of Iversk by all the Imperial family is a profession of the orthodox faith for the edification of the multitude. At the threshold of his palace, after receiving the homage of the superior clergy, he is presented with bread and salt by the chief officers of his household, in the same manner as every proprietor is welcomed by his peasants on arriving at his estate; and throughout the ceremony of the coronation the two great offices constantly in attendance upon him are the Minister of his Household and the Minister of War: the civil power is thorough subservient to the army and to the church. But his position as the actual and positive head of the church is as clearly defined. The astrologists do not ascend to the platform of the throne, but, having received the regalia from the proper officials, they hand them to the Emperor, standing on the last step but one, and he places the crown on his head himself, holding his sovereignty from no earthly power, receiving its outward evidences only from the ministers of God. In taking the sacrament, it is administered to him within the sanctuary, and in the same form as to the priesthood, in acknowledgment of his priestly character; but it was not until the reign of Peter the Great that the subservieny of the clergy to the crown was thoroughly established.

THE CZAR'S SOLEMN ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

On Wednesday, the 20th ultimo, the great crown of the Russian empire was borne in state from the railway station, through the heart of Moscow, to the Kremlin. A mob of some twenty or thirty thousand persons had assembled to witness its arrival. Detachments of the Chevalier Garde, of which corps her Majesty the Empress is colonel, escorted the carriages. At the same time it was known that, on the 29th, the Czar would come from Petrovski, and as much excitement was anticipated as when the terrible Ivan won no end of popularity, by tossing the favourite of his mother into the street to be devoured by dogs.

The morning of the day fixed upon for the solemn entry of the Emperor into Moscow was ushered in by louring clouds and rain. About noon, however, the sun broke through, and the afternoon was bright, and calculated to show off the gorgeous procession in advancing.

A little after mid-day, a salvo of nine guns from a battery posted opposite the Tchoudow Convent, followed by a peal of bells from the Cathedral of the Assumption, gave the signal for all the bells of Moscow to be set aringing. As soon as the hurricane of clangor broke out, actors and spectators of all ranks and degrees hurried to their posts.

About three o'clock the Imperial procession left the Petrovsky Palace. First came a "Maitre de Police," with twelve mounted gendarmes to clear the way. The Czar was preceded by his body-guard in their magnificent uniforms, squadrons of Cossacks of the Black Sea and of the regiment of Guards, the representatives of the *haut noblesse* on horseback, all in uniform, the representatives of the Asiatic population which acknowledge the sovereignty of Russia, with valets, lacqueys, and runners of the court. After this mixture of European and Oriental costumes, came Masters of Ceremonies and others with their badges of office. After this train, in which European and Oriental finery were strangely mingled, came the Czar on horseback, attended by his Ministers and Aides-de-camp. The Princes of the blood followed, all on horseback. A long train of splendid carriages came next in order, containing the Empress, the Empress-Mother, the Grand Duchesses, and the Princesses of Oldenburg, followed by their ladies of honour. Squadrons of Cuirassiers closed the procession.

At four o'clock, a salvo of seventy-one guns announced that the Czar was entering his ancient capital. The Military Governor-General of Moscow received him at the entrance of the city. The magistrates and burghers of Moscow received him at the entrance of the quarter called Zmelenoi Gorod. The marshal and the nobility of the government of Moscow received him at the entrance of the quarter called Bieloi Gorod, and the Civil Governor and the civil authorities of the city at the Gate of the Resurrection. Here a brief halt took place, during which the Emperor, the Empresses, and the Princes and Princesses of the blood, dismounted and knelt before the image of Our Lady of Iveria. This ceremony over, the procession again moved onward; was received at the Gate of the Saviour by the Commandant of Moscow and his staff; and in front of the Cathedral of the Assumption, by the Directing Senate. All along the route of the procession the houses were decorated and the clergy stationed at the gates of their respective churches with their images and crosses. The acclamations of the assembled multitudes were enthusiastic, and distinctly heard above the din and clamour of the bells.

The Emperor, the Empresses, the Princes, and the Princesses, descended from their horses and carriages in front of the Cathedral of the Assumption, at the stair which is called Krasnoe Krytzo. Intelligence of this

event was forthwith thundered forth by a salvo of eighty-five guns. The portion of the Imperial cortege which preceded their Majesties kept on their way round the cathedral, and such as had the *cortège* entered it by the north gate. The officers of the Court completed the circle of the building, and stationed themselves in front of the south gate, to await the coming out of their Majesties. The Holy Synod, and the functionaries of the cathedral, met their Majesties at the *palace*, and preceded them into the church, chanting the second canticle for Palm Week. After kissing the images and relics, their Majesties proceeded to the cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Annunciation, in both of which the ceremony of kissing the images and relics was gone through. In the cathedral of St. Michael they also prostrated themselves before the tombs of his Majesty's ancestors.

On leaving the cathedral, the Czar, accompanied by the Court, walked to the Palace of the Kremlin. At its gate they were received by the court clergy with the cross and holy water. The Archbishop of Moscow here presented the Emperor with bread and salt; and immediately afterwards a salvo of 101 guns announced that the Imperial family had entered the palace of their ancestors.

Next week we shall illustrate these preliminary ceremonies, and accompany the illustrations with picturesque details from our special correspondent.

THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AUSTRIAN ENVOYS.

Lord Granville is comfortably located in his splendid palace, formerly the residence of Prince Grigiano, and the street in which it is situated is a scene of constant bustle. Behind are the stables, where the eleven horses of Earl Granville himself, and others, receive visits, if at home for visitors. The principal of the four carriages belonging to the Ambassador himself, is very neatly mounted in the English fashion (which will make it look all the better in the Russian harnessing), with silver snake-holders, silver binding, and silver full-relief coronets and roof ornaments. A little further down the street, going eastward, rises the Palace of Tolmachova, where Prince Paul Esterhazy has established his Embassy. It forms two sides of an immense uncompleted quadrangle. Further still, in the same easterly direction, that is, further within the town, is Sir Robert Peel's house, the Don Surochukoff, a smaller but very elegant and elegantly equipped mansion. The Marquis of Stafford lives with Sir Robert; and the kilt and Highland dress, as it fits in and out of the frequently opened door, attracts a still larger crowd of stagers than the tent of Esterhazy, or the scarlet carpets at the porch of the British Embassy.

Count Morny on the evening of the 22nd thundered into Moscow. For nearly a quarter of an hour the long file of his carriages and of those belonging to the various persons who came with him was heard as it swept by every point along the line to his splendid residence in the Tverskai. As he rents in St. Petersburg the palace of Prince Woronzoff-Dashkoff, so he rents in Moscow that of Prince Khorsakoff.

Count Morny is already a very great favourite with the Russians. Obvious means of winning the Russian heart has certainly not been neglected by him. M. de Morny's mode of living touches the very chord which most readily vibrates in Russia into goodwill and admiration. Every morning regularly a hundred bottles of Medoc are delivered at his door for the use of his domestic servants till next morning. Among the Russians the number of a great personage's domestic servants is, in the higher and more princely sphere of life, all through the year, that gauge of his social pretensions, which the fur in the collar of his shooaba constitutes in more humble station during the winter months.

According to rumour, the Austrian Envoy at the coronation, is expected to be surrounded with a magnificence inferior only to that of the French and English Ambassadors. His diamonds are known to be among the finest possessed by any private person in the world, and far excel those which several crowned heads could boast; they constitute, it is said, a large part of his entire wealth. These diamonds are actually to decorate his housings. The rivalry between the special embassies will be considerable, if we are to judge by a rather humorous indication of it which has already got into circulation. It is said that Prince Esterhazy's agent at Moscow, from having been early in the field, was able to obtain a suitable house for his Serene Highness at the moderate charge of 17,000 roubles the month, but that the Prince subsequently hearing that the British and French Ambassadors were respectively paying 40,000, he indignantly cancelled his contract, and insisted on having a house at the same price. The serene ambition was easily gratified. A new coat of paint, a new name, and a new rate of rental soon brought the original house up to the Prince's notion of what was suitable for the representative of his Imperial master. Earl Granville's house is the admiration of the whole capital, and a tent, now put up in the garden, will be the finest hall-room in Moscow. What lends peculiar interest to Lord Granville's embassy is the number of distinguished persons who accompany it, the arrival of any one of whom even unofficially, with their large and matchless studs, their carriages, their chests of plate, would have made at all times a considerable sensation. Sir Robert and Lady Peel, who drove about St. Petersburg in her "wide-awake" hat, much to the astonishment and admiration of the Russian fashionables, are much commented upon, on account of the late Sir Robert's fame, tariff, political experiments, and personal fate.

THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

The visitor to Moscow, who has within the last few weeks made his way to the centre of the "Beautiful Place," could hardly fail to have been attracted, by the sound of hammers, to the triumphal arch by which the Emperor was to enter the sacred precincts, and find himself in presence of the great bell, which has been so accurately weighed, measured, and described over and over again.

The "Great Bell of Moscow," said to be the largest ever founded—namely, 21 feet high, 20 feet in diameter, and weighing 1,600 tons—after being long buried under the soil, was raised, and in 1836 placed on a pedestal in the Court of the Kremlin.

It is, in truth, a tremendous eastern and if in sounding order would make a most sonorous report. The broken piece lies close beside it, and more than anything else enables one to form a just conception of the size of the bell itself.

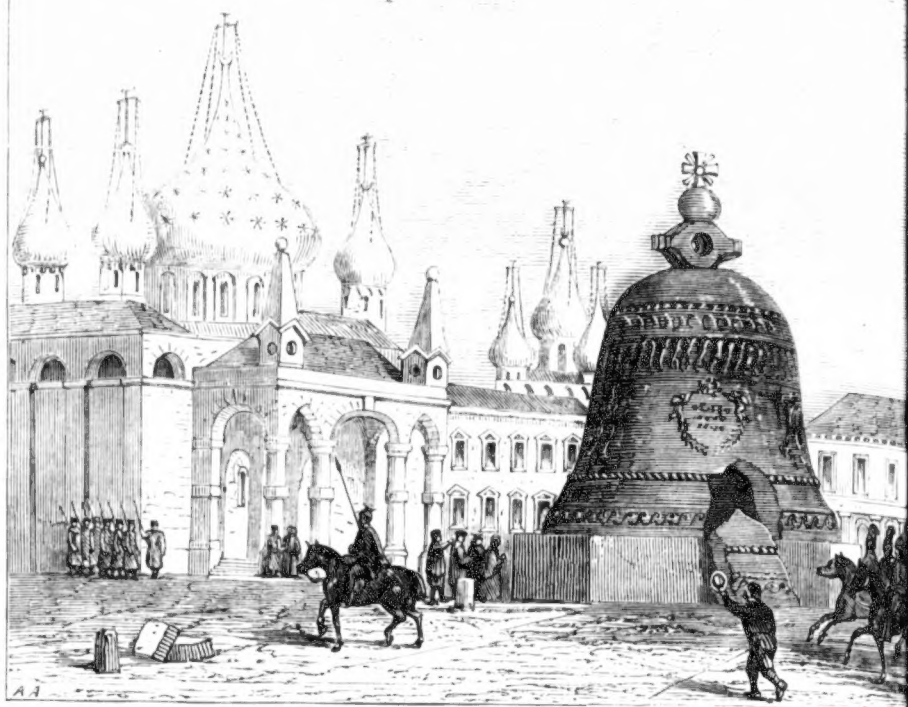
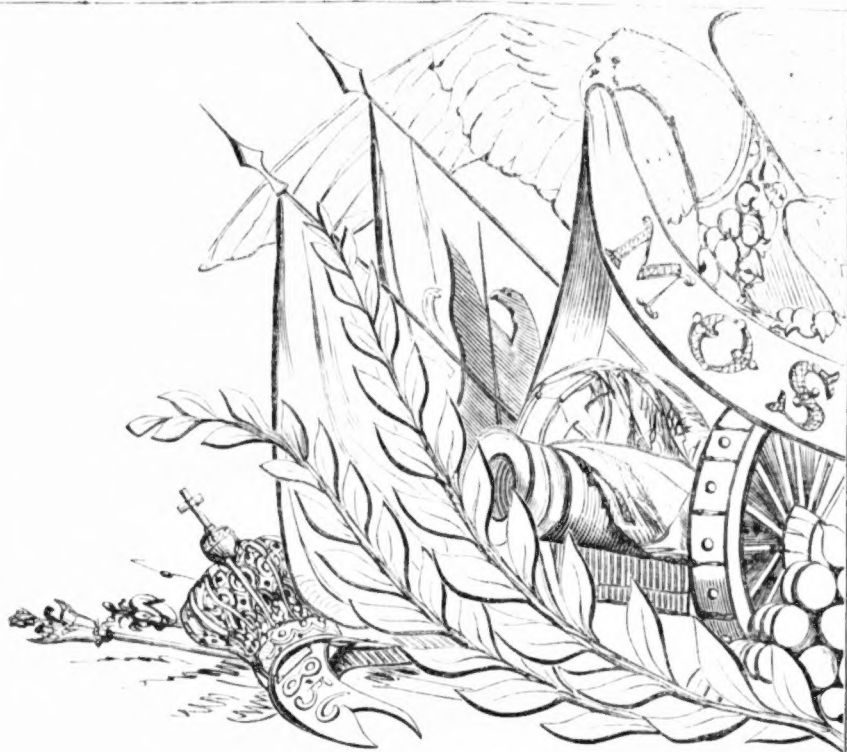
PALMERSTON AND THE "CABBIES" OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Lord Palmerston will be surprised to learn that the ivostchicks (the droshky-drivers, corresponding to our "cabbies") chide their horses by shouting his name; and, when the animals are very refractory, subdue them by threatening that the Noble Lord is coming immediately. People fresh from the interior, declare that the same is now the case all over Russia, from St. Petersburg to the Don Cossacks, and from Lake Ladoga to the Caspian Sea.

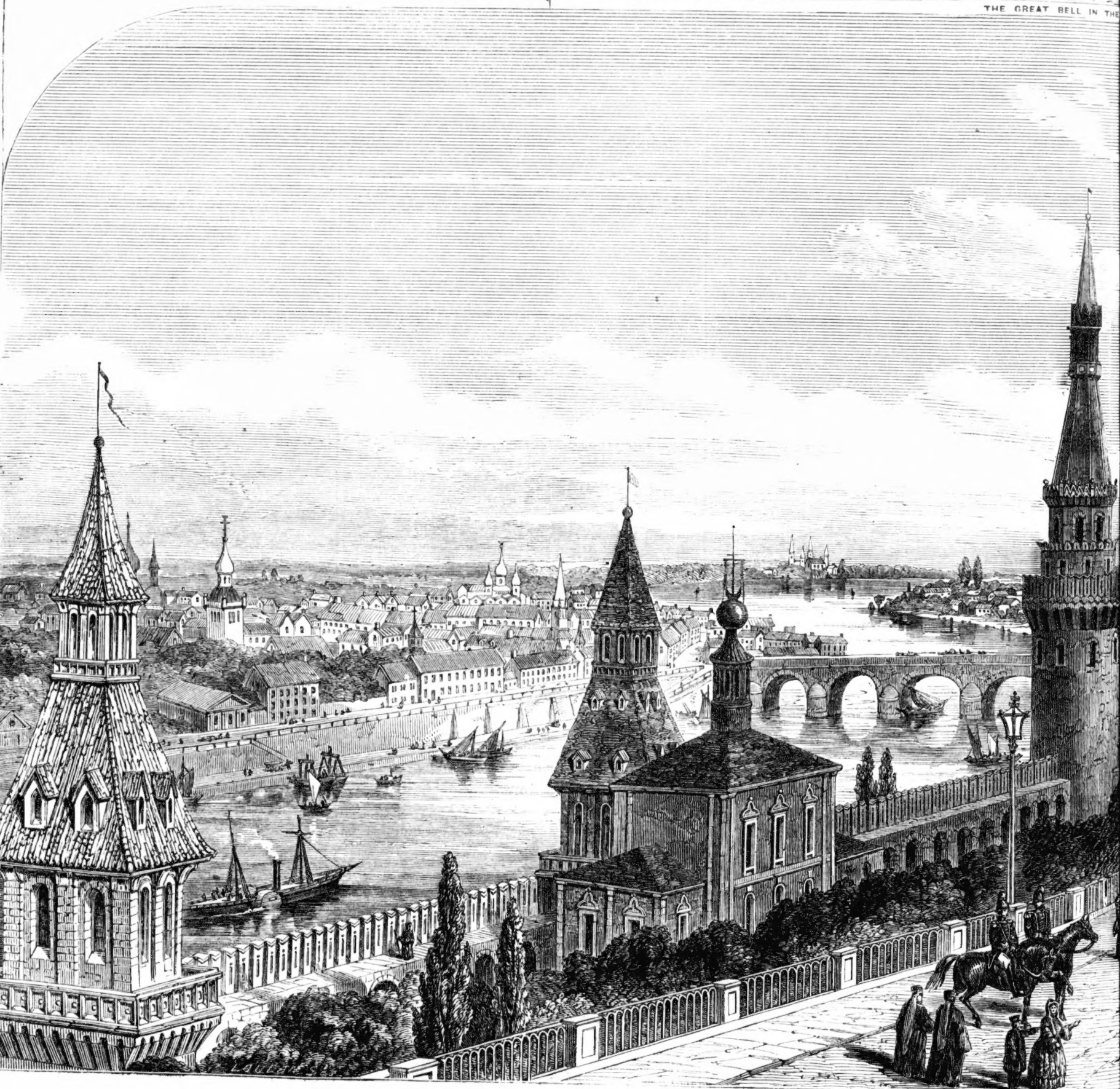
MURDER OF NEW-BORN TWINS.—The bodies of two fine children, a boy and a girl (twins), were last week found in the front garden of a house at Penbridge Villas, Notting Hill, wrapped up as a large bundle. They were tied up in what appeared to be part of a recently worn chemise, and a portion of a white petticoat, greatly stained with blood, the whole being covered with a wrapper of black alpaca. An inquest was held on Monday, when the parish surgeon, Dr. Guazzaroni, deposed that both children had lived, and that their physical organisation was unusually healthy. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased infants had been wilfully murdered by some person or persons unknown.

A WHIRLWIND.—A whirlwind of great violence passed over the small town of Marsonnas (Saône-et-Loire), on Saturday. It broke a vast skylight in the cupola of the church, swept off wholly or in part the roofs of ten houses, threw down several sheds, uprooted or damaged a number of trees, cut through in the middle several large poplars, and injured several persons. It was preceded by a violent clap of thunder, and passed off with extraordinary rapidity.

SHOCKING CASE.—At Stilton, on Monday week, a young woman, nineteen years of age, named Martha Crewe, was taken by force from her father's house by the clergyman and constable, in consequence of the cruel treatment to which she was subjected. She had been almost literally starved. Her flesh is all wasted away, and her bones are said to protrude through her skin in several places. The poor creature says the food her father supplied her with was dry bread, and a little salt and water to drink, and a small piece of mutton about once a fortnight. Crewe and two other daughters have been apprehended on a charge of misdeemeanour. The excitement in Stilton was so great, that a crowd of women smashed the windows of Crewe's house, and set fire to the window-curtains.



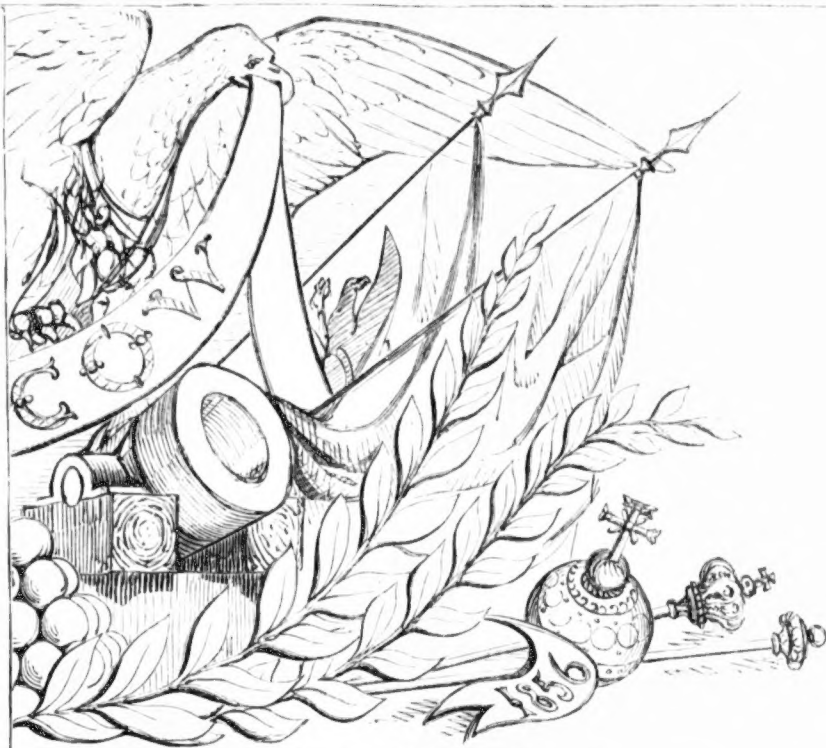
THE GREAT BELL IN THE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW



IN THE COURT OF THE KREMLIN.



FROM THE TERRACE OF THE KREMLIN.

CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT MOSCOW

The numbers of the "Illustrated Times" for Sept. 13th, and 20th, will contain a complete series of engravings illustrative of the singular and gorgeous features of this most magnificent ceremony with portraits of many of the distinguished personages taking part in it, in their splendid robes of office, and views of all the remarkable edifices in the ancient capital of the Russian Empire, together with the Imperial Regalia and the Jewelled Thrones. The above will be from sketches made by artists who have been despatched to Moscow by the proprietors of the "Illustrated Times."

These sketches will moreover be accompanied by a series of lively and graphic letters descriptive of the ceremony and of the numerous fêtes connected with it, from the pen of a well-known popular writer, who visits Moscow for this especial purpose.

"Illustrated Times" Office, 148, Fleet Street.

Want of space compels us to omit from our present number a graphic account of the

MEETING OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BRIDGE-WATER AND BATH.

with accompanying characteristic illustrations and other matters, of greater or less interest. These we shall publish next week.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

"POLITICAL STAGNATION."

This is a phrase which is going the rounds of the press just now, and exciting much comment of one kind or another, especially as it is associated with discussions on the "decay of party," and similar topics. A few paragraphs, showing what it really amounts to, how far it represents a truth, and what the truth symbolises, may not be amiss.

We do not think that journals ought to be too eager to encourage abstract political excitement for the sake of the excitement, as they are (naturally perhaps) apt to do. It is as well that we should not always have "the prerogative," the "right man," and such high topics on the *lapis*. Restlessness is not a sign of health. And for a country to be feeling its pulse, applying the stethoscope to its heart, &c., on every little occasion, is a practice likely to create the evils it is intended to guard against. There is a vast deal of good going on in dull times, however little we hear of it. Just now, for instance, the harvest is coming in, the health of London improving, country places are made livelier in trade by the presence of the wealthy, and commerce is increasing. It is obvious that a want of any one of these phenomena would be ill compensated by smart contests for the right to vote in the Registration Courts. "The battle of the Constitution" need not be always raging, in fact, for the Constitution is apt to be shaken by the process, like a ship by its broadsides. Much of the "stagnation" is a re-action after the war, and after '48; it is likewise symptomatic of industrial pursuits being active. And if, further, it shows that we are not so keen about merely political questions, is the last altogether a bad sign?

We think it grows clearer every day that for some time the social will be the really political questions; that the country sees no great difference between Liberal Progress and Conservative Progress; that the men who best meet the demand for such changes as trade requires will be the political leaders. "Progress" means material improvement. If the country can get that it is content to take it at the hands of the classes who now govern, let those classes govern only *decently*. And who opposes this "Progress"? No party now. There are no statesmen who demand one's sympathies on the ground that they dislike it, and would stop it. So, if the country wants nothing else, how does it much matter at whose hands it gets it? The explanation of our quiet is, that we are content to grow rich—a logical result of the Reform Bill, which strengthened the money-making classes. We only see one possible source of a *political* excitement, viz., from the ambition of rising classes to share the political power. But the English do not much seek this power—given prosperity. We shall have more agitation only when we have worse quarrel returns. We get at ideas through facts; we do not try and model facts on ideas. Most Englishmen are not symmetrical in their notions, but, while a thing works tolerably, care little how it looks. Lord John Russell might lose an army with less risk to his family power than he would incur by putting an extra halfpenny on tea. The stability of the altar depends on the stability of the pot. The English drink their beer at present at the sign of the "Howard Arms," or "Grenville Arms," as the case may be, but we should soon see the sign pelted if the beer failed. The blessing of this habit of mind is, that it gives us time to put things to rights. In France they cannot meet a bread difficulty without having to accept a foreign gentleman with a crown on, and pay him handsomely for adjusting their living at the price of most of what makes life desirable.

We should be sorry if the present party disorganisation made the English people indifferent or unjust to the party element. It is perhaps hard to tell in what a nominal Conservative differs from a nominal Liberal; it is certainly foolish to stimulate abstract differences at the expense of practical good. But if we do not have an Opposition, we have no chance of checking the prosperous clique that happens to be in. The advantage of party to the people is, that it enables it to use one section of the governing classes as a check on the other. As a Liberal party too long in power becomes oligarchic, so a Tory one, by being kept out, becomes popular. Can we yet afford to do without this kind of machinery? We think not. If people are too apt to think so now, we fear that it is one of the signs that French, or despotic influence, has too much hold over the national mind. Must we add this last as being the *ad* element in that "stagnation," which otherwise we have shown to have its good signs? Perhaps so. Indeed, we venture to predict that a renewal of political activity will be accompanied by a re-action against that pro-continental feeling, which has been a little too prominent of late.

Meanwhile, it is ridiculous in politicians to blame public apathy; it is their business to set the example and take the lead. This is the very best time to think over plans of political action, when the country is quiet and prosperous, and laying in a stock of spirits for the stir of some future day.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE GARRISON OF CORRALES is very crowded. Conjecture is rife as to the motives for collecting so large a body of men together on so small a spot, where the accommodation for the soldiers is at all times scanty enough.

A MAN lately swam across the Niagara river, between the falls and suspension bridge.

A REEFER is again current that another expedition, to be placed in command of Captain Ingfield, is to be despatched to the Arctic regions.

THE DESCENDING OF THE SWISS LEAGUE, now encamped at Shorncliffe, is being rapidly proceeded with. Every other night or so, parties of ten, between 100 and 200, present off by the Calais boats, on their return to Switzerland, via Strasbourg or Paris, as they desire.

A BODY OF AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS (1,200) was being conveyed on the Bavarian railway to Mayence, when the train ran off the rails, and six men were killed and thirty injured.

THE BOILER EXPLOSION AT BURY proves to have been caused by exterior corrosion of the plates of the boiler from the dampness of the brickwork. The plates were in some places reduced from three-eighths to one-eighth of an inch.

IT IS NOT FANNY ESSLER, it now appears, but Therese Essler, her sister, whom Prince Adalbert of Prussia married magnificently in 1842. Fanny Essler, sister of Vienna, and has done so since her retirement from the stage in 1843.

THE FRENCH FLIGEE sent to open political and commercial relations with Japan, came to an anchor on the 27th of May, in the roadstead of Nagasaki.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH passed upon Andrew Bracken at the last Liverpool Assizes for the murder of a man named Bates has been commuted to transportation for life.

THE "OBSERVER," speaking with a tone of authority, states that it knows that England is opposed to the union of the Danubian Principalities and believes that France is so likewise.

"MRS. AND MISS SMITH, from Scutari to Derbyshire." These were the fellow-passengers of voyagers from the East, who little knew that Florence Nightingale was at their elbow, under cover of the name of the good aunt who accompanied her.

THE LATE EARL OF SHERBURY'S BODY was called a box of melons when it went alongside the steamer at Lisbon, to avoid the superstitious feelings of the sailors.

PRINCE DE DEMIDOFF sends a letter from Vienna who was lately in this city, has been struck, at Koenigsberg, with paralysis, and is considered in considerable danger.

CONSIDERABLE disposition appears to prevail in Lower Canada. At public meetings held in Quebec, the existing Ministry has been severely censured.

THERE IS SOME TALK of a matrimonial engagement between Marshal the Duke of Malakoff and Madame Brunet, widow of the late Admiral.

MR. WALPOLE, now gossip, has been appointed chief of the Conservative party, vice Disraeli superseded.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH TROOPS are about to engage in Greece.

LIVERPOOL, it is understood, will be the scene of the next annual National Reformatory gathering.

A MAN DIED in the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum a few days ago on the effects of being scalded, he having turned on the hot water while in a bath.

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has issued a prohibition against preachers and vendors using Victoria Park for addressing their particular circles on Sundays. Some of the doctrines enunciated there are said to have been of a shocking character.

A MERCHANT OF BRUSSELS eloped with a person, abandoning his wife and two children, one of them an infant, and the wife, after a vain endeavour to continue the business, told the infant to her and then jumped into the river, where the bodies were found.

THE PRUSSIAN CONSUL-GENERAL in WARREN, Herr Von Wimmer, who was entrusted during the late war with the protection of British subjects resident in Poland, has lately received from our Queen a gold snuff-box, with her initials richly set in brilliants, as a mark of recognition for the services he rendered during that period to British subjects.

COLONEL STANTON is the British Commissioner for the settlement of the new boundaries in Bessarabia.

ONE J. LAWLER, surrendered to the American police on his own confession. He states, that in 1852, being then at Rotterdam, Wexford, he drowned a young woman after abusing her, and, on suspicion falling on him, he escaped from Ireland a few days after. He has since retraced this confession.

MISS JESSIE MERTON WHITE has applied at King's College, for permission to become a candidate for the degree of "Bachelor" of Medicine; and the Senate is said to be puzzled to decide whether or no it can legally comply with her wish.

THE STRIKE OF THE COLLIERIES AT BARNSELY, which had extended over a period of ten weeks, was brought to a sudden termination on Saturday last, a number of the men having signed articles to work for the proprietors.

MR. AND MRS. H. B. STOWE and party are staying at Glasgow.

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR has subscribed £10,000 towards the proposed English (Christian) church at Constantinople, which is intended to be a monument to the memory of the gallant men who fell in the late war with Russia.

THE WESTERN QUARTER OF PRESTON, in which great numbers of Irish live, was last week the scene of a series of disorders. The disturbance originated in a quarrel at a public-house, between some Irishmen and Englishmen, and was continued all night after.

THE NUMBER of reapers who arrived in the Clyde from Ireland during last week has been unprecedented. Several, however, returned to Ireland, having been unable to find employment.

LORD LYONS was instructed, says the "Observer," to remove any Russians from the Isle of Serpents by force, if necessary.

A POULTRY SHOW recently took place at Clifton. One of the conditions upon which great poultry exhibitors compete at these shows, is, that all the eggs laid by their hens while in the pens shall be picked, that others may not get possession, in an underhand way, of kinds which the owners prize so highly.

ABOUT £1,200 are already subscribed to replace the workmen's tools, lost at the fire at Messrs. Broadwood's, but this falls far short of the amount required, the tools destroyed having been worth between three or four thousand pounds.

IMMENSE bodies of whales have lately disported themselves between the North Head and the mouth of the Pentland Firth.

TWO PERSONS have been drowned in the Lake of Geneva, near Veray, by the capsizing of a boat; four other persons and the boatmen were saved.

THE FOLLOWING ITEM occurs in the half-yearly accounts of the Eastern Counties Railway Company:—"To compensations for injuries to passengers, and costs incident thereto, £7,922 10s. 4d." Pretty well for six months.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY has been invested with the Order of St. Patrick.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have made a visit of inspection to Plymouth.

THE NUMBER OF WRECKES reported during the month was 55. In the month of January the number was 265; in February, 174; in March, 145; in April, 157; in May, 112; in June, 84; and in July, 104; making a total in the past eight months of 1,129.

THE NEW CHANCERY ADDITIVE STAMPS, from sixpence to one pound, have been issued. The Chancery fees are now paid by stamps. The stamps for proceeding in the Court of Chancery are to be obliterated when used.

THE LIVERPOOL FIRMS of Messrs. M'Carthy and Co., and Lamont, M'Carthy, and Co., have stopped payment, with liabilities to the extent of nearly £100,000. Their losses in the Australian trade and in their Italian steamers have been the cause of this stoppage.

MESSRS. OWEN, HAZELL, and RICHARDSON, of Southampton, have received orders to prepare for the fitting and decking of the whole of the Franco-American Steam Navigation Company's fleet.

A BAND OF BRIGANDS lately entered Lepistis, in Macedonia, and took away into captivity the schoolmaster of the place with all his scholars; the brigands have demanded a ransom of 500,000 piastres.

THREE FISHERMEN, at Asnières, have discovered an ancient canoe buried beneath a sandbank in the river. From its form it is supposed that it was used by the Normans in their invasion of Paris. It is an immense trunk of oak, about eight feet long, hollowed out and capable of holding sixty men.

THE INFLUENCE POSSESSED BY FRANCE, says the "Debates," over the inhabitants of the provinces of Morocco bordering on Algeria, might doubtless be exercised with profit in the solution of the difficulty to which the mishap of Prince Adalbert of Prussia has given rise.

THE LORD MAYOR, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, states that £30,000 have been sent from London only in aid of the sufferers by the recent inundations in France, and we gather that something like £1,000 still remain on hand.

JUDGE HALLIBURTON (Sam Slick) has resigned his seat on the American bench.

AN ITALIAN BOY, aged eleven years, was playing with another child at Parma when a quarrel ensued, and he stabbed his companion to the heart.

THE LAST HARVEST REPORTS are all good. The fine weather appears to prevail everywhere, and its effect are highly beneficial for the crops of all kinds.

THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZIER is very good this month, and affords ample evidence of careful and judicious editing. All that we see to complain of is, that six articles out of twelve are reviews of books, which seems to us rather an unfair proportion. "Science by the Seaside" is of course a popular subject just now, and this we suppose has secured for the article the place of honour, to which neither its importance nor its merits by any means entitle it. The criticism on Mr. George Gillman's "History of a Map" is smartly written, and in it we find the capacity of this northern "wind-log" very accurately gauged. The article on the "Prospects of the Indian Civil Service" shows the writer's perfect acquaintance with his subject, and although it contains many clever hints, and discusses the various bearings of the question in a fair and even able spirit, still it is hardly distinguished by that high standard of reasoning which one might expect to have seen brought to bear on a subject of so much importance. The continuation of Mr. Lewis's essay "On Dwarfs and Giants" is alike learned and clever. "Maud Vivian" is a neatly constructed and pleasantly written story, with a good though particularly trite moral in it, and with an air of reality and much quiet observation pervading every page, which are strongly suggestive of superior powers on the part of its author. The next article, "Hours with the Mystics," a review of Mr. Vaughan's book, from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is certainly the ablest and most scholarly contribution to the number. We do not mean scholarly in the limited sense of mere classical attainments, but in its wider significance of deep knowledge of the subject under discussion. "Sketches on the North Coast" is chiefly interesting for a touching narrative of the sad havoc caused by a sudden storm among a fleet of herring boats that put out to sea one sultry morning in August, and in the evening were overtaken by a dreadful gale.

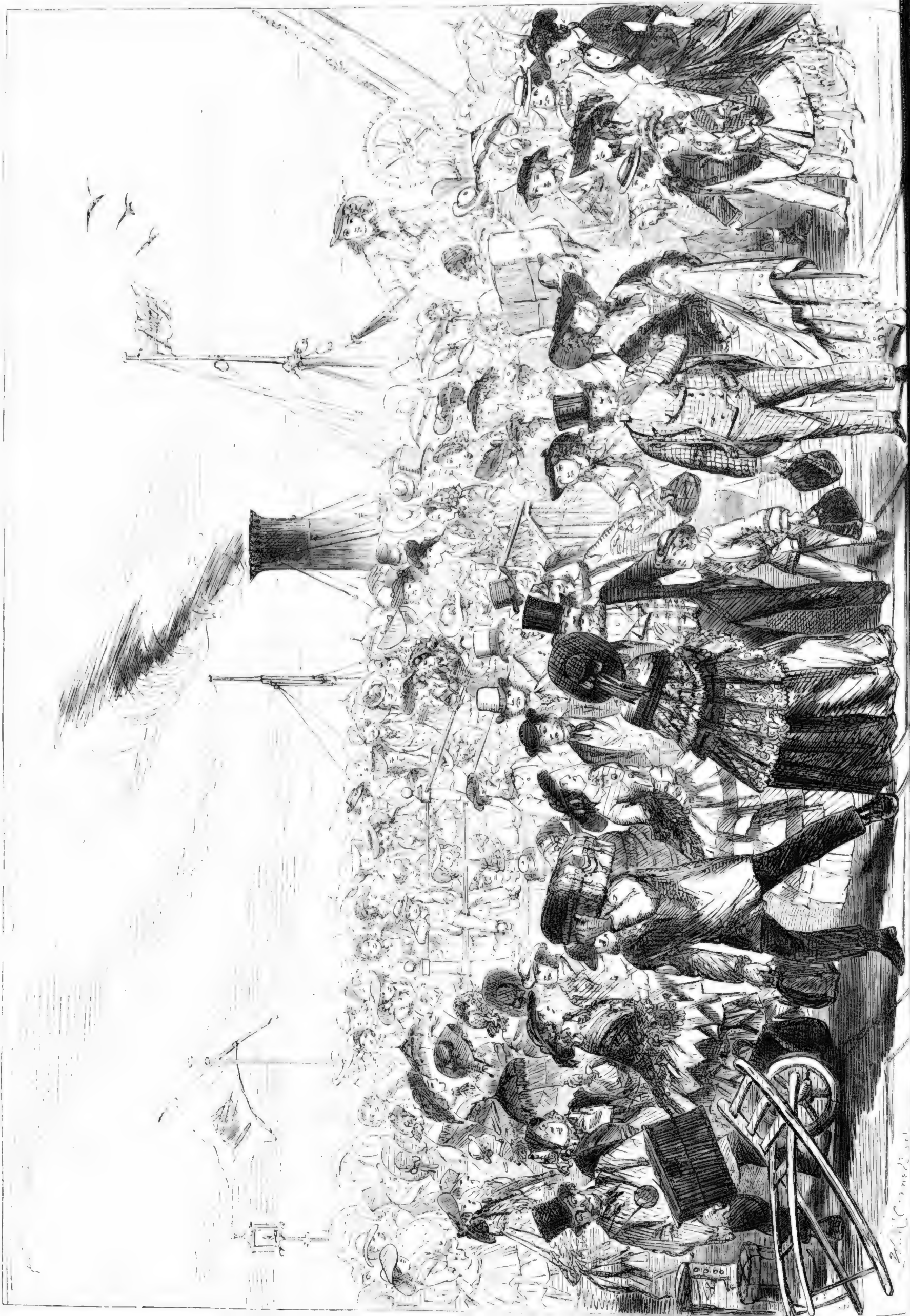
The review of "Bothwell" is rather weak, or timid, we should perhaps more properly say. Still the critic, we are glad to perceive, does not swell the note of praise that has been sounded on all sides in reference to this so-called poem. He sees its true value, but seems to hesitate to condemn it as it deserves to be condemned, simply, we suppose, because this would not be in accordance with the cuckoo note that has already gone forth. Many of his observations are very sensible though, and many are sufficiently deprecatory of Professor Aytoun's performance. His estimate of the Professor's genius is to our thinking the true one. He styles it essentially a reflector, and justly enough observes that he has in no instance shown any originality of conception, but has always been following a lead. His "Lays" were borrowed from Mr. Macaulay's "Lays." His "Bothwell" is built upon the model of Scott, if not after the fashion of some less worthy examples.

BLACKWOOD opens with one of those eternal Scotch subjects—"The Scot Abroad"—again. The writer commences the present paper by telling us that it is an afterthought. This afterthought we were certainly disposed to regret, until we had dipped into the article, and found it to be so entertaining that we were no longer disposed to be querulous. "Sketches on the way to Stockholm" are pleasantly, if not smartly written. The author has a good eye for the picturesque, and an evident feeling for art, superior to the common cant of the schools. His remarks on Thorwaldsen have that admixture of strong sense and enthusiasm, without which art criticism is of little worth. But he deals in the main with far more familiar subjects than the genius of a great sculptor.

"The Athelings" is, as usual, very good. "Seaside Studies" are very learned, rather scientific, and a trifle dull. The chapter on Peninsular Dogs is amusing reading. The Brookside Dialogue is more than this; it is suggestive, if not positively instructive. There is a freshness, too, and a vivacity which makes the reader regret when he has connoled the last line. The article on Macaulay is the promised continuation of the paper in the last number. It takes the romantic historian, or the historical romancer, to task with reference to his "knack" of making hostile authorities answer his own particular purpose without being at the necessity of falsely quoting them. Of course it is on a Scotch grievance, or rather a series of Scotch grievances, that the writer combats Mr. Macaulay's statements. Such sheiks as these, however, won't overthrow him from his pedestal. The Edinburgh professor is no match for the old Edinburgh Reviewer, and as though he felt that he had succeeded but indifferently with his task, he winds up with the stale manoeuvre of exhorting his adversary to turn his talents to better account. In the course of the article he has his fling at Mr. Dickens, for what he styles his visionary columnisms in "Little Dorrit," in allusion, we presume, to his admirably drawn character of Mrs. Clennam.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY opens with a paper on "The United States' Navy," some of the main incidents in the history of which it glances at. We have of course a sketch of the career of Paul Jones, and an account of the noted three frigate engagements between the United States and Great Britain during the war of 1812, in all of which the Americans proved victorious. This was accounted for by the disparity of force which existed between the different ships engaged; but as Englishmen had always been accustomed to hear of English arms triumphing in spite of this disparity when the scene of action was their own proper element, the reason for the contrary, though a very good one, was hardly received as satisfactory; and it was not till after the famous ship duel between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* that John Bull would be at all comforted. In that engagement, as every one knows, although the Yankees had the advantage as regards weight of metal and number of men, yet they were most completely licked in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this, too, within sight of thousands of their bragging countrymen. The writer, after glancing at the enormous frigates which are in course of being built for the United States navy, on the model of the *Niagara*—which so-called frigate is equal in tonnage, and superior in weight of metal, to our screw line-of-battle ships—tells us that the Americans are busily engaged in constructing a number of enormous floating batteries, for the defence of their seaboard ports and cities. "The built for the defence of New York is to be 400 feet in length and 40 feet broad, and is to be entirely constructed of wrought-iron plates, seven inches in thickness. Brother Jonathan is evidently bent on turning to advantage the experience gained by the belligerents during the Russian war, and which is, of course, common to all the world. "The Irish in Spain" seems to treat of soldiers of fortune, who emigrated from the Emerald Isle to gather their laurels in various Peninsular struggles; and of course, in such an account the O'Donnells occupy a conspicuous place, and Marshal O'Donnell, the present Spanish dictator, the most conspicuous of all. The continuation of the paper on "Cyprus" is entertaining reading; and so is the review of Mr. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." Like the other monthlies, the "Dublin University" has its article on "Seaside Occupation," and, as with them, the gathering of specimens for marine aquaria is the particular occupation recommended. This is the crazy characteristic of the moment, and is certainly to be preferred to potichomanie and such like fooleries.

THE TRAIN leads off with two short chapters of "Marston Lynch," which do not advance the story much. They afford Mr. McConnell, however, the opportunity for a couple of good designs, and as regards the box scene at the Cork Street Theatre, he has certainly acquitted himself well. Mr. Hale's "Aunt's Lyric" is a lively rattling composition, after an old model of Planche's. Mr. Draper has one of his pleasant papers, the subject this time being "Lord Lovat," whose portrait, excellently reproduced after Hogarth by Bennett, forms a valuable adjunct to the article. Mr. W. Brough's "Writing Master" has hardly found a true exponent in Mr. McConnell. The latter, in his design, has given us the misshapen figure and the prematurely aged-looking face, but he has missed that indefinite grace the invariable accompaniment of an amiable mind, be the possessor of it never so ugly. Of Mr. Yates's "Queries" (which, by the way, are very quaintly illustrated), some are smart and sensible enough, others have been often made before, and a few of them there was no necessity to make at all; for instance, why Mr. Walter Savage Landor spells Czar with an initial "T"—as though it were not frequently spelt so in English, and almost invariably so in other European languages. "Quevedo," by Friswell, is a good magazine paper, and "A Word or Two about Women" communicates some singular facts which most of the sterner sex will have been till now ignorant of.



The Sphinx.

CHARADE.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WEATHER.

I.
Mrs. BUDD was gay and free,
Fair, fat, and forty-three;
Resembling thus her husband, who was also gay,
And middle-aged, and stout;
But for freedom, there's a doubt,
For his better-half, she drove him like a one-horse shay.

Mrs. Budd said to her lord,
"You can very well afford
To dine at Stars and Garters, in your selfish way,
While the precious babes and I,
For change of air may die,
For want of trips to Brighton, Herne or Pegwell Bay."

When lovely woman wants to travel,
And finds base man refuse to pay—
On paltry economic cavi—
What art can smooth her griefs away?
The only means she can discover—
(A very good one, by-the-bye,
Which ne'er a husband yet got over,
From all I read of)—is to cry!

How gallantly, how merrily, we ride along the line
(That Mrs. B. her point obtained, the reader will divine),
With noisy tourists, lightly clad, the train is rather full;
Such trips the Proverb illustrate, "Much cry and little wool."

Now Ashford's pass'd in triumph, round Sturry's bank we turn;
Strange guards come up to look at us, and see if we're for Herne.
Soon, on the right, the ocean gleams, like mack'el in the dark!
How proud are John and Tommy Budd of their prospective lark!

How proud are those young gentlemen, for each has begg
and pray'd,
In nervous Anglo-Saxon phrase which calls a spade a spade;
And each a spade has had him bought, and gloats in triumph o'er
The sand-boy life he means to lead when'er he reach the shore.

Now Ramsgate and Tivoli they both are pass'd,
And the train at the terminus arrives at last;
'Tis an hour after time, though advertised as "fast,"
And to do the journey ere you'd say "Jack Robinson."

The town looks full, Mrs. B. looks glum,
Says she, "Rather late I'm afraid we've come.
Mr. B., go look for lodgings, and be sure you find us some
And be back ere you can say "Jack Robinson."

She never told her love;
She meant to leave the inn when she had well
Fed upon tea and shrimps. She took a walk,
And in a green and yellow glacé mantle
She sat till sunset on the breakwater,
Smiling at John and Tommy. Then they hied
Back to the hostelry where they had "tea'd,"
And were inform'd the gentleman had been,
And said that, doubtless, he would meet them in
The High Street or Bazaars.

* * * * *
'Tis midnight's hour,
The shops are shut. The hollow, surging tide
Beats fitfully against the South Parade.
The town is full, as also is the moon;
The latter shining wanly on a group
Of houseless wanderers. A matron sad,
Who, Robson-like, paces above the sands
"With a small pair of kids upon her hands,"
Doom'd à la belle étoile by adverse star,
In London's tones, they call upon—my first.

II.
He did not go to High Street, but he went to Mr. Cobb,
He tender'd him a shilling, which in town they call a bob;
(You see I'm quoting "Ingoldsby," to pilfer is my plan—
When rather late with copy, I compile it as I can).

He gave back tenpence honestly (I speak of Mr. Cobb),
He (meaning Budd) accepted it, and put it in his fob;
He said, "The ale is very good, but I must go forthwith
And seek a lodging for my wife. Why, bless my soul, here's Smith!"

'Twas Smith indeed. "Why, who'd have thought (two glasses, Mr. Cobb,
Nay, I insist) of meeting you? This is a funny job.
I've brought my wife and girls by boat and have to pace the stones
To seek a lodging somewhere, but—Holloa! by Jove! here's Jones!"

'Twas Jones himself, who, entering, cried, "As usual, Mr. Cobb—
What, Smith and Budd! Nay, fly not yet, a single hob and nob;
E'en I can't stay—I've got to find a lod' ing in the town
For Mrs. J. and family. Why, bless my soul, here's Brown!"

* * * * *
'Twas half-past two,
Upon the chalky Canterbury road,



REBUS.



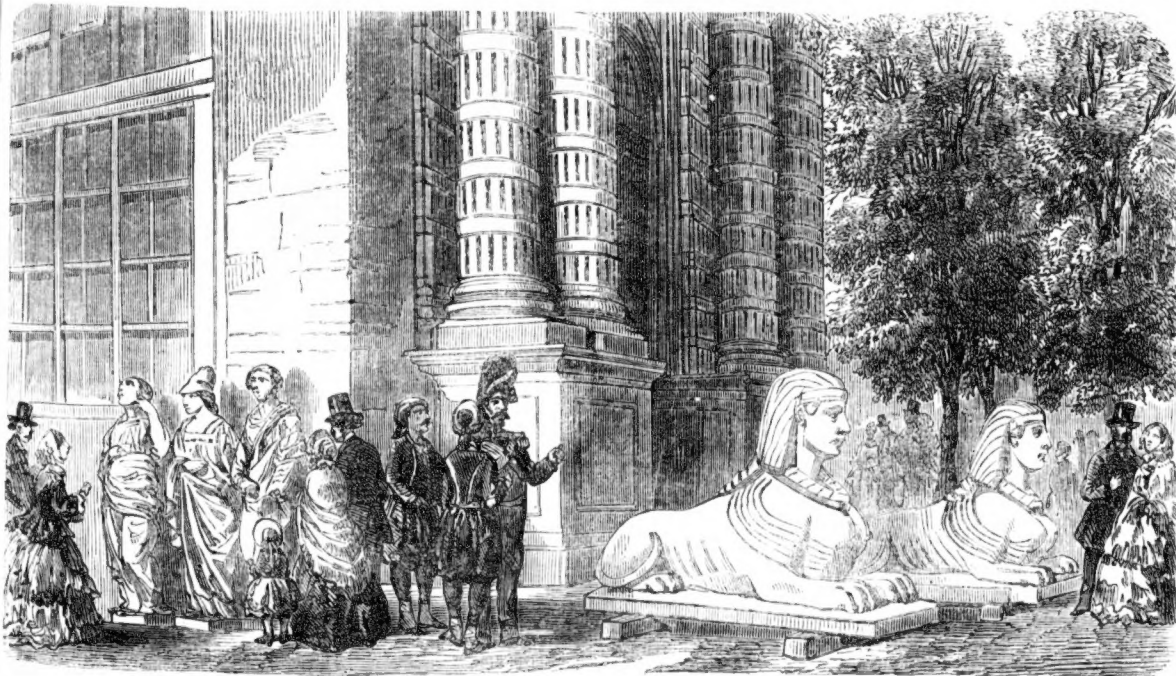
SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARDS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR HER MAJESTY, BY MAYALL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.)

SCULPTURES FROM SEBASTOPOL IN PARIS.

AMONG the trophies from Sebastopol that have been brought to this country, very few actual works of art are to be found. Individual collectors contented themselves with securing some helmet, sword, or breast-plate picked up on the field of battle, or else some of those little religious pictures which all good Russians carried about them, in the hope, we suppose, of turning wide the bullets of the Allies. Our Government certainly had a number of Russian cannon, and a church bell or two, brought over as trophies from the Crimea; but the French authorities seem to have looked after a more valuable class of articles. They ransacked Sebastopol of all the works of art the city possessed, which the cannon of the Allies or the conflagration kindled by the besieged had spared.

The chief objects they obtained possession of were various sculptures

and bas-reliefs from the more elegant of the public buildings. For instance, finding that the statues and friezes of the Model Museum and the Nobles' Club House had been scarcely injured by the fire of the musketry and even the conflagration, they decided on removing these and transmitting them to France. This, however, was not a very easy matter; for operations had to be carried on in sight of the enemy, and exposed to a continued fire from the Northern forts. The engineers entrusted with the work accomplished it, however, with perfect success. To carry off the bas-reliefs from the Nobles' Club House, it was necessary to erect interior scaffolding—to knock away the masonry from behind them, and to cut out each piece in view of the batteries of the Russian fort opposite the arsenal. These are the same statues, bas-reliefs, and pediments which have recently arrived in Paris, and which have been exhibited in front of the Orangery of the Tuileries.



EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES FROM SEBASTOPOL, IN FRONT OF THE ORANGERY AT THE TUILERIES

Past Garlinge, even high to Birchington,
Eight moons shone brightly down. Four gentlemen
Saw two moons each; and, by their complex light,
Sought for something that they did not find.
One sunk despairing 'mid the uncut wheat.
"Get up!" his fellow cried; "the path is straight,
The sky is cloudless, and 'tis all serene.
Come! we shall meet them yet."—"I am not well,"
The fallen one replied; and with a hoarse
And undecided voice, he faltered, "Cobb!"
And so fell sleeping. "Let us bear him hence,"
A stalwart comrade cried. They did essay
To lift his weight; but, lo! with ankles bent
And toes turt' upwards in unseemly guise,
As 'neath the glamour of some Circe spell,
They sank despairing 'mid the uncut wheat,
And all fell sleeping—breathing, as they slept,
The name of "Cobb"—the sprite who had applied
The verb *my first*—to their ill-starred *my second*.

III.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Buenos Ayres,*
When the breakfast shrimps are peeling;
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, along the sands,
When the bathing-machines are wheeling.

When Johnny and Tom, with their wooden spades,
In the sand small docks are digging;
When facetious natives the cockney boats
Supply with abundant rigging.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, above the fort,
Where each maiden finds a "follerer,"
Ready, by aping her style, to flatter—
Things move in an "all round" sphere: no matter
How trying the question of "Who is her better?"
The circle is squared by the men who dress at her
In fearful cases of collarer.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in many a place,
But not at the Blank Hotel;
Where Mrs. B., at a quarter to six,
Has gain'd admission her tent to fix,
And doesn't at all feel well.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, though, even there,
For landlord, waiter, and boots;
As the lady has told them that charge they may
Whatever they please, for her spouse must pay,
And it serves them right, the brutes!

'Tis merry, 'tis merry with Mr. Smith;
'Tis merry with Mr. Brown;
'Tis merry with Mr. Jones as well—
(Their wives have gone back to town.)

'Tis merry to laugh at their dear friend Budd,
Who they know is catching it sore,
For leaving his wife in the streets all night,
And who's booked to stay for a fortnight quite
At the Blank Hotel, or more.

But merrier still for Budd than all,
When he reads with joyful soul
A letter that tells him he must begone
To London, leaving his wife alone
To dig in the sands with Tommy and John,
For he's had enough of *my whole*.

(Explanations of the Charade and Rebus will be given in the next Number.)

SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARDS.

THE gallant bearing of the men and non-commissioned officers of the English army during the late war, afforded a bright contrast, if it did not constitute an adequate set-off, to the incapacity and blundering ways of those who held the leading-strings. Forty years of peace may have brought years and infirmities upon rulers and generals; it may have checked the cultivation of campaigning qualities; but it had no effect upon the courageous and patriotic spirit which has animated the British soldier in former struggles with the enemies of civilisation. Such will ever be the case. The sentiment is born in the man, and it is too noble to be eradicated. Pity it is that the constitution of our army does not sufficiently encourage and reward the qualities so often to be found in the ranks.

Only by the peculiar constitution of our army can it be explained why such men as Sergeant-Major Edwards—the subject of our notice—still remains no higher than a non-commissioned officer in her Majesty's service. If any qualities should entitle a man to reap the higher rewards of the service, it would surely be long service, distinguished conduct, and personal bravery; yet these are of little avail if they come from the ranks.

Sergeant-Major Edwards is a native of Shropshire, and was born in 1819. The gallant soldier has been generally described as the oldest in the army. This, however, is an error; he is only thirty-seven years of age, and, as he often exhibits a pardonable pride on the fact of his commencing life in the same year as his royal mistress, he can hardly be held accountable for the "errors of the press." He enlisted in the Coldstream Guards in 1835, and became corporal two years after. In 1840 he was appointed sergeant, pay-sergeant in 1841, and sergeant-major in 1852. In this latter capacity he went out to the Crimea at the commencement of the late war, and remained on duty throughout the campaign. In fact, he was one of the few who was never absent a single day from the landing to the leaving of the expedition. On the passage out the ravages of the cholera began to be felt, and the Sergeant-Major gained golden opinions from all sorts of men by his behaviour and exertions when others would have flagged and sunk from sheer exhaustion. Although more than ordinarily exposed, Edwards was fortunate enough to escape the malady. While on board the Kangaroo, and within an hour or two of landing on the Crimea, the gallant soldier was especially complimented for his exertions, and the then commanding officer, Sir Charles Hamilton, presented him with a medal for long service and good conduct. This is one of the three honours which now decorate his breast, the other two being the Crimean medal and the medal for distinguished conduct on the field of Inkermann. The Crimean medal of course bears the fullest complement of bars.

At the ever-memorable battle of the Alma, Edwards and his corps were in the thickest of the fight, and the Gallant Sergeant attracted the marked attention of his commanding officers for his bearing throughout the day. This was also the case at Balaclava, where the gallant fellow much distinguished himself. He was moreover present at the powerful Russian sortie of the following day. At Inkermann, the self-possession and bravery of Sergeant-Major Edwards were still more conspicuous. He was one of the first heroes who repulsed the Russians from the English redoubt, where they had just before obtained an entrance at a terrible sacrifice of life. Being a particularly good marksman (Edwards is the son of a Shropshire game-keeper) he made frightful havoc with his rifle. His conduct was so cool and steady, and his aim so invariably true, that he was enabled to keep three firelocks at work at once—two other soldiers loading for him as fast as he could fire. His comrades speak about this feat with much enthusiasm, and say that he exhibited humour as well as coolness at his work; during a moment's pause in the firing, he remarked that it was the best day's shooting he had ever had; he liked making such game of the Russians, &c. &c. Ultimately, the Sergeant-Major got surrounded by the enemy, but succeeded in cutting his way through again. He assisted in re-forming his scattered men, and advanced a second time with much intrepidity and firmness.

* A colony, supposed to be of Spanish origin, in the vicinity of the watering-place in question. Spanish liquorice and Spanish onions are to be found there in almost tropical luxuriance.

For this and other distinguished conduct on the field, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge recommended the Sergeant-Major both for the medal and an annuity of £20. Moreover, a commission was offered for his acceptance, but, preferring to remain in his post as senior non-commissioned officer, he declined the proffered honour. On a subsequent occasion, when a similar distinction was even pressed upon him, he firmly declined, but at the same time expressed himself grateful for the compliment and recognition of services thus conveyed.

The most trying part of the whole campaign—the wasting winter which followed the Battle of Inkermann—was borne gallantly by Sergeant-Major Edwards. Day after day his men drooped around him, yet his indefatigable spirit bore him up. Excessive fatigue and severe weather made a considerable inroad upon the Sergeant's naturally robust health, but he never allowed himself to be reported sick. Each day was one of work and active occupation. This severe service told upon his appearance, and gave him a look of age that by no means belonged to him. His gray hair and beard told a tale of fifty or sixty years, while in reality he was half way between thirty and forty.

The nature of the duty performed by Edwards and his corps during the war may be judged by the following table. It is perfectly authentic, and refers to the Coldstream Guards alone. The figures show the date and number of each draft sent out, as well as the number who returned home in the service of the battalion:—

Date of proceeding to the East.	No. in each Draft.	Dead.	Invalided.	Came home with the Battalion.
28 Feb. 1854	935	412	205	318
27 June, 1854	159	78	28	53
27 Oct., 1854	101	69	15	17
25 Nov., 1854	154	41	22	91
13 April, 1854	309	57	38	214
16 Sept., 1855	210	10	8	191
14 Feb., 1856	244	—	2	222
	2094	667	318	1107

From the above it will be seen that nearly one-half of the Coldstream Guards was consumed by the ravages of disease and bullet. Of the draft despatched in October, 1854, nearly all were killed. The few who returned to England (seventeen) are now known in the battalion as the "dead draft!" A strange distinction obtained at a terrible price!

Sergeant-Major Edwards finished his Crimean work to a nicety, and managed to be one of the very last to embark on the conclusion of the peace. Since his return to England he has been very favourably noticed, and has been honoured by invitations and presents from many distinguished persons. One present, of which the Sergeant is particularly proud, is a gold-headed stick given by the Prince of Wales. This he carries on every possible occasion.

Sergeant-Major Edwards is well known in other companies as well as in the Coldstreams, and probably no one could have filled the office of chairman at the Guards' dinner, more to the satisfaction of the majority than he did. His comrades felt that he had fairly earned the honours that had been bestowed upon him, and were not niggard in their applause when he addressed them in that "sharp battle-field oratory" (to use the words of the Lord Mayor), with which he introduced the toasts of the banquet. Undoubtedly, he contributed much to the success of the affair by his straightforward soldier-like bearing on the occasion.

Mr. Mayall, the eminent photographer, has taken a very fine photographic portrait of Sergeant-Major Edwards for the Queen's collection of photographs of Crimean heroes, and we are glad to be able to present our readers with an engraving from the same.

NEW CHURCH IN SMITHFIELD.—The proposal to build a new church in Smithfield in honour of the martyrs at the Protestant Reformation, which received a check by the failure of Sir John Dean Paul's bank, has been revived. Amongst the subscribers to the fund are the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Winchester, the Earl of Waldegrave, and Sir E. N. Buxton, Bart.

IMPORTANT TO THE "MORNING HERALD."—A Glasgow paper reports that a patent has been granted for a discovery, whereby stone, after undergoing a certain process, may be converted into paper. To certain authors and journalists this material will be peculiarly welcome, as affording an appropriate vehicle for their solid productions.

THE "BARNACLES" IN THE POST OFFICE.—The post-office authorities in Edinburgh recently sent down to a post office in Orkney, an official intimation for public circulation, and, under the conviction that the inhabitants were Celts, were actually at the trouble to have it translated into Gaelic, and printed in that language. It happens, however, that the number of inhabitants of Orkney who speak French is far greater than those who know a word of Gaelic.

ABANDONED.—On Sunday morning, a police officer found an infant (a boy) concealed behind a large board in the third-class booking office of the South-Western Railway. The child was apparently about three weeks or a month old. At the time the discovery was made hundreds of persons were rushing through the booking office for the excursion train to Portsmouth, and it seems a perfect miracle that the little innocent had not been trampled upon and killed. The child was wrapped in a dark shawl, but although the police have made a most vigilant search, they have as yet been unable to detect the parents. It has been taken to the workhouse.

FIRE AT PECKHAM.—On Sunday afternoon, about a quarter past five o'clock, a fire of a very formidable character took place in the premises belonging to Mr. Burt, waterproof clothing factor, at the Millbank works, Peckham. The building, which was nearly 150 feet long, was timber built; and owing to the combustible character of the stock, the flames extended so rapidly, that in less than ten minutes the whole building presented an immense sheet of flame. The loss, however, is not very considerable. Two boys are in custody for causing this fire.

FALL OF A TALL CHIMNEY.—On Thursday week a colossal chimney, attached to the distillery works at Victoria Quay, facing the Royal Barracks, Dublin, suddenly fell with a terrific crash, leveling with their foundations several high walls in its vicinity, and breaking down the greater portion of a long slated shed, fortunately, however, without doing the slightest personal injury. This chimney, which had long been known as the largest as well as the loftiest in Dublin, was built twenty-four years since, its dimensions being—height, 150 feet; circumference, from 60 to 70 feet; and internal diameter, 24 feet.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH IN A POLICE OFFICE.—On Saturday night, a compositor named Shand, had been walking through the fruit market, at Manchester, and observed a female pick a gentleman's pocket. He proceeded to the Town Hall to give evidence against the woman; and, whilst he was stating the charge, a number of Irishmen were brought in, in a state of intoxication. They created a great disturbance in the office, which greatly frightened Shand, and, on the prisoners setting up a loud yell, he fell down, and instantly expired.

LOVE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A well-dressed young woman threw herself, on Friday afternoon, into the Seine at St. Cloud, but her dress being puffed up by the wind, supported her on the water. A boatman rescued her, and she stated that she had attempted to commit suicide from a disappointment in love; but she added that she felt ashamed of her folly, and would not repeat her attempt.

THE LATE MURDER OF A SOLDIER AT DOVER.—The inquest touching the death of Lance-Corporal Alexander McBurnie, of the 49th Regiment, who was shot, early on Wednesday morning week, by private Thomas Mansell, of the same regiment, has been concluded. The witnesses examined detailed the particulars of the murder as already given, and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. The prisoner, who is twenty-eight years of age, and of morose appearance, wept several times during the examination, but, towards its close, his self-possession returned, and he assumed an off-handed and careless manner.

DEFALCATION OF AN INCOME TAX COLLECTOR.—The defalcation of an income tax collector has occurred at Blackburn. Mr. W. B. Illingworth is the person implicated; he has been arrested and lodged in Lancaster Castle. The defalcations of this officer amount to upwards of £1,000. The surties are ample, and will almost cover the entire loss.

COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S CRUISE IN THE GULF OF TARTARY.

COMMODORE ELLIOTT's squadron, consisting of the Sibylle, Pique, and Barracouta, left Hakodadi, Japan, on the 4th of May, and on the 10th reached Cape Lemanon, in about 48 deg. north latitude. There the Sibylle and Pique remained, the Barracouta steaming onwards along the coast to the northward. On the evening of the 11th, in latitude 49.150 deg. N., longitude 140.19 E., a fine and capacious bay was discovered, with many sheltered creeks capable of affording secure anchorage for ships of the largest tonnage. The entrance to this bay is very narrow, and when seen from a distance appears blocked up by an island in the centre. Indeed, a vessel might pass and repass, and no one would dream of the beautiful anchorage so close at hand. Soon after anchoring, a few natives (Giliaks) came off to sell fish, which they were glad to barter for buttons.

Some of these natives had buttons with Russian insignia on them, leading the

Barracouta to infer that Russians had been there not long before. Consequently, early next morning, Mr. Freeman, master of the Barracouta, proceeded on shore, and crossing over a field of ice, came all at once on a number of Russian houses, strongly built and ensclosed in the shade of some forest trees. The houses bore evident marks of recent occupation—piles of freshly cut timber lying here and there in various directions. There were some empty chests in a store-house, marked with the English broad arrow, "Portsmouth, 1854," &c. In front of the principal house was a flag-staff, with a Russian ensign, &c. In the rear, and a little to the left of the houses, was a strong platform battery for eight guns. At some distance to the right was a platform for two guns, whilst in the anchorage, between the two, was a broadside to the entrance, lay the remains of a large frigate 200 feet long, anchored in ten fathoms, burnt down to the ice in which she was embedded. The framework of this vessel was stouter than that of either the Pique or the Sibylle, and her construction was such as to have been the Pallas. Her figurehead, a double eagle, found on the ice, was taken possession of by the Barracouta, and much of her rigging, spars, &c., was found stowed away in different places, being evident that her destruction had been an act committed but a short time before. Numerous graves—distinguished by the Greek Cross—were found before the hill, and dated at various periods from as far back as 1853. The Giliaks, by signs, led the Barracouta to believe that the Russians had vacated the place some seven weeks before only.

Having made this extraordinary discovery, the Barracouta returned to the Lemanon to inform the Commodore, who, with the Pique and Sibylle, then proceeded to a further examination of the bay, the hills about which were then a staid with birch and pine trees, affording fine shelter from the cold blasts of the north and east.

Leaving her comrades at Barracouta Bay, as it was at once termed, the Barracouta proceeded north to Castries Bay, looking into all the bays and inlets on the coast en route, a labour which could be performed effectually, the weather being clear, although there was some danger from drifting ice. Finding no more of Russians either at De Castries Bay or on the road to it, the Barracouta returned to the bay named after her, which she reached on the 21st of May, and took in wood and water, leaving Barracouta Bay again, she reached Hakodadi on the 29th, the Sibylle and Hornet arriving there a day or two afterwards.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE manner in which the simplest matters puzzle scientific men when searching only for mysteries, is something amusing. In the case of the suspected murder at Hampton Court, the medical man who conducted the post-mortem examination has been in great trouble because certain shots in the body have been found partly in the lung, partly on the diaphragm, and one or two inside the abdomen, while only one wound appears externally, and that in the chest. The simple probability of some of the pellets having fallen by mere gravitation does not appear to have occurred to the medical mind, nor does that of one or two shots having glanced from contact with a rib from within. The stranger part of the affair is that the Guernsey shirt found on deceased is described as not being penetrated by shot, but those who know the action of shot upon various substances can easily understand that a few of these might easily permeate coarse flannel without occasioning sufficient disturbance of the fibre to catch the eye of an unpractised observer. The blood from the wound would effectually remedy the very slight fraying which small shot would cause if the weapon used were a pistol at the distance of a yard or two, and not a full-charged fowling piece "carrying close." As the matter is now exciting much public interest, it may not be amiss to submit a theory respecting the alleged crime. Deceased is a violent half-maniacal ruffian with an evident tendency to assassination. He carries murderous weapons, and goes about seeking a victim. He has a pistol and shot, and is found slain, evidently by such means, but under circumstances that seem to forbid the presumption of suicide. The pistol is missing but his pockets are untried. There is nothing in these facts which will appear mysterious if we imagine that deceased, about to fulfil his criminal inclinations, has been compelled and slain with his own weapons by his intended victim. Under the gravely suspicious circumstances of the case, and the great probability of being hanged whether guilty in self-defence or not, it can be no wonder that the homicide (if our theory be correct) prefers to keep his own counsel on the matter. One thing is certain, that deceased is much better out of the way than being tried for the murder of somebody else, as there is not much doubt he would have been had his precious life been spared to the public.

On Monday last the Reverend J. Kelly, of the Established Church, received some experiences which he will not readily forget respecting our established police. The reverend gentleman was waiting in St. Martin's Lane with his vehicle when he espied a cabman driving upon him and looking the other way at some object of greater interest than a carriage in the way of his own. Mr. Kelly shouted, but the cabman was absorbed, and the collision took place. There was the usual "row," the customary street mob, the demanding of the cabman's number by the injured party (who made the usual and almost inevitable blunder of asking for the driver's "ticket" instead of "badge," which in law makes all the difference), and, as a special element, there was the exceedingly impudic policeman. The policeman explains that the clergyman not being a "lad" cannot insist upon the cabman's ticket (keeping that little matter of the word "badge" quite close, as you perceive, although he saw it all as plainly as we who write it) and the mob, enjoying the joke of cabman and policeman both adverse to the parson, demonstrate their appreciation by hustling the pastor, and even attempting, in their exuberant humour, to pick his pocket. The Reverend Mr. Kelly seizes the young vagabond who is bent on this culminating jest, and turns indignantly to the protector of order and property to remonstrate on his permission of this continued series of outrage. The policeman calmly replies that he had been watching the whole affair, and giving the young thief a slap on the head, orders him off, but the clergyman insists upon the charge being taken. At Bow Street, Mr. Kelly, in giving evidence against the boy, mentions (as he could not well avoid doing) the policeman's conduct, but is instantaneously put down by Mr. Hall. He then learns that if he has cause to complain of a member of the force, it is necessary to attend at the Scotland Yard Branch of the Circumlocution Office, there to make a formal complaint (i.e., a complaint which will be nugatory if informal), and that upon this the Police Commissioners, the judges on the question of formality, will, if they think good, direct an investigation at Bow Street—by all which the reverend gentleman must be much edified and delighted. But as mere Englishmen, being under certain laws established by statute and precedent, let us ask who are these Commissioners that thus interpose between offence and punishment? Are the police their servants, or those of the public, and if theirs, still how can they claim to decide upon what charges shall be prosecuted against their pets and what not? Let us hope that Mr. Kelly will show a just contempt for their power by leaving the matter as it stands, upon the oath of a clergyman and gentleman, for the opinion of the press and the public, and not commit the fatal error of affording time to the policeman to vamp up a plausible story, and perhaps to discover witnesses from among the sympathising crowd.

At Stamford there happens to be a police-constable named Baker, who entertains liberal opinions respecting his duties. A young man had been robbed of £30 by his brother, upon whose track Baker at once started, and finding his chase had gone to London by the parliamentary train, availed himself of the express to overtake the fugitive. He succeeded, and was thereby enabled to restore £27 of the missing money, found on the prisoner. But Lincolnshire is famous for its geese, and the vigilance of Baker procured him a reprimand from the Stamford "beaks."

On the theme of county peculiarities, much has lately been said. General Windham has set forth Norfolk (hitherto chiefly famed for its dump-lings) as the cradle of British virtue, heroism, and what not. Some one else has been magnifying Suffolk, and we shall probably soon discover that England is mainly indebted for its greatness to Rutlandshire. But there is one county which boasts a peculiar gift, as indisputable as unalterable by increased intercourse with its neighbours. The county of Essex maintains a pre-eminence in stupidity over all the rest of England together. The feet of Essex men are longer, their calves smaller, and their heads thicker, than those of any other inhabitants of the British Isles. The newspapers of the last few days contain sickening reports of the progress and results of an Essex joke, one of those few which have been handed down to posterity since the dark ages, and still serve that benighted county in lieu of wit. Two gentlemen of fortune, who keep bounds near Chelmsford, invited a baker of the town to view some stables which

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1. $\mathcal{L}(A) = \mathcal{L}(B)$ if and only if $A \equiv B$.